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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

TEACHING SLAVES TO READ IN VIRGINIA.

We have received several replies to our inquiry respecting the Laws of Virginia in relation to teaching slaves to read. We publish the following, which will give our readers correct information upon the subject:

JEFFERSON CO., VA., Feb. 13.

"MESSRS. EDITORS: In answer to your request that some of your readers acquainted with the laws of Virginia would send you the truth of the matter relating to the teaching of slaves, I have referred to the Virginia code. In chapter 198, entitled, Of offences against public policy, Sect. 31 provides, every *assemblage of negroes* 'for the purpose of instruction in reading and writing, or in the night time for any purpose, shall be an unlawful assembly.' 'Any justice may issue his warrant to any officer or to any other person, requiring him to enter any place where such *assemblage* may be and seize any negro therein; and he or any other justice may order any such negro to be punished with stripes.'

"Sect 32, is as follows—'If any white person *assemble* with negroes for the purpose of instructing them to read or write, or if he associates with them in an *unlawful assembly*, he shall be confined in jail, not exceeding six months and fined not exceeding one hundred dollars; and any justice may require him to enter into a recognizance, with sufficient security, to appear before the Circuit, County or Corporation Court, of the County or Corporation where the offence was committed, to answer therefor, and in the meantime to keep the peace and be of good behaviour.'

"You will perceive that by the terms of this law a master or mistress is not forbidden to teach his or her own servants to read. Such, I believe, is the general understanding in the State. And it often happens that the young members of the family do teach the negroes in the family to read.

"This law was first passed in 1830 or 1831.

"A VIRGINIA LAWYER"

"MESSRS. EDITORS: In your paper of the 9th, information is asked from some one 'acquainted with the laws of Virginia' on the subject of '*teaching slaves*.' I can furnish it in the simple recital of a historical fact.

"About five years ago, Dr. Everette, of Albemarle county, died, leaving, by will, all his slaves, some thirty-four in number, free, and appropriated fifty thousand dollars in bonds well secured for their personal benefit. They were to be kept on the plantation for five years, to be educated and prepared for freedom, under the control and direction of Dr. Charles D. Everette, the nephew of the testator, who was the executor of the will and residuary legatee. As agent of the Colonization Society, the subject came under my cognizance. Young Dr. Everette was anxious to fulfil the important trust committed to him, and proposed to petition to the Legislature to allow him to educate the slaves in letters. This led me to a personal and thorough investigation of the subject I then learned from the highest authority, legal and political, that the statute on the subject allowed owners to teach their slaves *in their own families*, but not to employ a school-master for the purpose. Thus the law, somewhat equivocal in terms, has always been construed. The object of the law was not designed to control the liberality of the master in the matter, but to protect the country against a foreign influence, by excluding irresponsible teachers. Dr. Everette was satisfied with this decision, and has, I believe, by his own personal attentions, faithfully performed his trust. The testator preferred Liberia as the place of their settlement, but left it to their choice to settle in any free State They selected Pennsylvania, and have recently been removed to that State by the Executor, and settled on their own lands. Under this construction of the law, it is a very common thing in Virginia for masters to teach their slaves to read."

Another correspondent, after quoting the law as above, writes as follows:

"Now, a Northern Abolitionist or an ultra-pro-slavery man at the South might so construe this law as to make it seem to prohibit the instruction of negroes in reading or writing under all circumstances; but it would be strange if a man of good sense and temper were to adopt these interpretations. Any number of a man's slaves might meet on his own plantation, for religious worship, amusement, or any other harmless object; and, provided there were no free negroes or slaves from other estates present, the assemblage would not be unlawful. I know the thing is often done, and creates no disturbance. The assemblage prohibited is that of negroes from several estates, or of free negroes, as an ordinary school. The case of the "eminent lawyer" alluded to by your correspondent, the Virginian of Galena, is not explicitly enough stated for us to know whether he needed to ask the permission of our Legislature. Nothing is more common than for negroes about our houses to be taught to read; and I know no magistrate who would interfere to prevent it, nor any master who would permit himself to be hindered from teaching his slaves what he pleased.

"A question was put to the Presbyterian Synod of Virginia (O. S.), at Winchester, 1852, on the subject of the law regulating the religious worship of our coloured population. It was referred to a committee of three, one of whom was a clergyman that had been a lawyer, and another a highly respectable senior member of the Virginia Bar, who is still in full practice. The resolution reported by the Committee, and adopted by the Synod, is in the words following:

"'Resolved, That it may be seen, by reference to the Code of Virginia, Chap. 198, Sect. 31, 32, that there is nothing in the law prohibiting the owner of slaves, or any member of his family, with his knowledge and consent, to teach his own slaves on his own plantation, in any subject, and to any extent, that may please such owner.' M. O.

"Farmville, Va., Feb. 15, 1854.'"

—*New York Observer.*

ANTI-SLAVERY.—On Tuesday evening, the twelfth of the course of Anti-Slavery lectures was delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, to a large audience in the Tabernacle. The lecturer is well-known as one of the foremost of the disunionists; and his discourse, though not so bad as we have heard from him, was quite sufficient to sustain *his* character. He looked his lecture. There was not a genial smile about him A malignity played about his mouth quite worthy of the un-American and thoroughly British doctrines which issued therefrom. His lips curled at the very corners, hyena-like and treacherous, as he laughed at the oath to the American Constitution, and proffered the homage of his nature to the English Government. His invective was not without point; but he falls on it himself. Mr. Phillips believes in nothing. He laughs the 40,000 pulpits of America to scorn; he has no faith in white man of "woman born." The State he utterly repudiates. The Church, the State, the body politic, hath in him no believer.

His denunciations are without measure, and we fear he is but too ably doing that business for the English which his superior skill as a speaker prevents the Garrisons and the George Thompsons from doing. He is more adroit than the former, and not an Englishman by birth like the latter. Consequently, he has an advantage over both, and uses the same to the vilest and most unnational uses. The cold-blooded contempt of America uttered by Mr. Phillips and his withering jeers at the clergy were quite original.

He said England and every country of Europe, except Russia and Spain, had abolished chattel Slavery. Those nations had been all making progress. The United States had made progress in every thing except one. In that she had actually retrograded. In reference to the black race, her prejudices were growing stronger, broader, deeper, till, instead of 700,000 slaves, there were now three millions, and instead of being confined to a small spot, Slavery spread over more than half the country. George Washington, a Southerner, a Virginian, was a slaveholder, to be sure; but he apologized for Slavery, and he would not take back his fugitive slave from New Hampshire till he was sure his doing so would not offend the prejudices of the cottagers of the Granite Hills.

In the present day he saw an Anti-Slavery paper eulogizing a clergyman who had exhorted his flock to obey the Fugitive Slave law whether right or wrong, and Daniel Webster sustained the institution of Slavery by bread-and-butter arguments—an appeal to the pockets. Such was the tone of the proudest fruit of American institutions—"the God-like statesman." There was, therefore, an epoch between the time of Washington and Webster, and he selected these two great men to represent their respective times. When we go to Europe, we find the same evidence of this change for the worse in the United States. A great man came here the other day—a fugitive from the bondage of another land. He came from Australia, where he was exiled for liberty. When a great man comes into another country, he searches out the idea characteristic of the country, in order to compliment it. John Mitchel found this in Slavery. Kossuth paid his compliment by being silent. John Mitchel openly, by saying he had no objection to hold slaves. Never mention a halter to a man whose brother was hanged. John Mitchel, a distinguished patriot and Protestant, in the year 1854, is rightly of opinion, as a European, that Slavery is the distinguishing characteristic of the American people.—*Citizen.*

BEECHER AND MITCHEL.—The Portsmouth (Va.) *Globe* says:

"Beecher does not appreciate the difference between being an Irishman, the political slave of England, and an African, the social municipal slave of the white man Mitchel has been trying to beat it into the fanatic head of Beecher, that there is both a distinction and a difference. But he has got a dull cranium for the purpose. Beecher can say many beautiful rhetorical things of wordiness, and some obscene isms; but when you come to sensible ideas, you can no more get them to permeate his skull than you can force water with a child's squirt into the marble head of a Medusa or a Triton.

"He of the Tabernacle, New York, would have all Africa's blood turned loose like hell-hounds upon the white populations of the South, while those of Exeter Hall, London, would hold Ireland in Slavery, but at the same time free the blacks, and again bring America into British Slavery.

"But Mitchel cannot, he need not try to educate the mind of Beecher, nor any of the Beechers or Stowes, on the subject. They have lived under the influence of correct tuition a long time, and have not become instructed. They have had opportunities to improve both hearts and heads as regards Slavery, but have not profited thereby. They are themselves the veriest slaves, slaves to fanaticism, to vanity of vanities, to their purses. Who would free others must themselves be free. The Beechers are not in a condition to contribute to constitutional or national freedom. Such serfs themselves, they can only rant about Southern Slavery, which is perfect Elysian freedom to the vassalage *they* are under to crude notions and vagrant, insane, selfish, mercenary sympathy. To-morrow we shall commence Mitchel's matchless letter."

We fear the [Binghampton] *Republican* imposes too hard a task upon Mr. Beecher, when he says the reverend gentleman ought to have made his antagonist sensible that Slavery is a sin against the universal order of creation. After all his arguments, Mr. Mitchel would probably persist most obstinately in believing that it is the Abolitionists who are guilty of this sin.

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

The fat, healthy, contented negro in Georgia is happier than your Beechers, Garrisons, Gerrit Smiths, or any of the whole tribe who are labouring so hard to make the African race miserable.—*Mitchel's Citizen.*

Selections.

SKETCH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LECTURE

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 28, WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered an able and eloquent address on the subject of American Slavery, at the Broadway Tabernacle, in the presence of a large and highly respectable audience. So large was the crowd that benches had to be placed in the aisles for the purpose of accommodating numerous persons. At the appointed hour the lecturer made his appearance, and when the loud acclamations of applause which greeted him had subsided, spoke as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen—I am here to-night to address you upon the subject of Slavery, and it is somewhat my misfortune that I am to address you upon a subject upon which many of you have listened now to eleven addresses from some of the most able, and some of them the most popular, men in the community, and of course it will be almost impossible that I shall not tread over some of the ground which they have covered. I hardly hope that I shall be able to avoid offending the prejudices of many that have done me the honour to come to-night to hear me. I belong to the most radical wing of the Anti-Slavery party. I am conscious that our views upon this great national subject meet with great repugnance from all classes of our fellow-citizens; and in listening to me, all I ask is, that you shall remember that I am an American as well as you—that I have the same share that you have in the honour and ultimate fate of our country—that all that I have dear in the world is here—and that my associations with the past are the same as yours. My pride in the great names of the country is exactly like yours. My hopes for the future are bound up with the fate of these Republican Institutions which our fathers gave us; and believe me, I can have no motive, hidden, secret, or underhand, either against the civil or the religious institutions of our common country, against its good name, its present or its future prosperity. We are all in the same bark. We are to float or to sink together; and the great national issue that calls us together to-night demands of us all, as the sons of those honoured fathers, who, through great peril and at the cost of great sacrifice, matured for us the institutions of the country—the present issue demands of us that all, with mutual counsel and mutual confidence, shall grapple with the question which threatens to shipwreck the experiment of self-government in these United States. It is no personal ambition, no sectional or selfish feeling, no personal pique, no hatred of individuals, no wrath against parties, no hidden hostility to sects, that can make any honest man open his lips upon the subject of Slavery. It is the mighty and solemn end to waive all such considerations and smother them in the momentous issue which is presented to every lover either of his country or his race. Now, please do me the justice to believe that, however I may deal with names and institutions that are dear to you, I am exercising only the dear-bought right and the most valuable which our fathers left us—the right to think and speak. Other men may part with it when and as they please, from considerations of delicacy to great men—to great parties—to great acts—to parchments and to institutions; but my fathers left me the right to speak, and I will barter it for nothing (cheers). Every ultimate good hangs upon the assertion of the right, and before its assertion for a good purpose, on a cause wide enough to challenge its exercise, all considerations of personal delicacy, and all considerations of the value of great parties and institutions, are nothing. "Living, I shall assert it," as our great New Englander said; "and dying, I shall assert it"; and, whether unions or parties are subverted or perish, I mean to keep free lips until they are dust (loud cheers).

Ladies and gentlemen, we have assembled to think of Slavery. Now, the problem of Slavery is a very singular one in the present aspect of our country, in relation to the world. Bear with me a moment, while I go across the waters, and look at the condition of classes and political institutions there. I will not keep you long away from home. But let me remind you simply that, for the last seventy years, under the Governments of Europe, which we are accustomed to consider as rotten, despotic, aristocratic and partial, Chattel Slavery has disappeared, with two exceptions. Russia still maintains the system of Slavery, though her Emperor is said to be labouring to abolish it; and Spain, rotten and incompetent as she is, is still the victim and the tool of the slaveholders of her Colonies. But with these two exceptions, England, France, Denmark, Sweden, and all the countries of Europe—and I might throw Algiers in the bargain—have got rid of Chattel Slavery. They still retain their aristocratic institutions; not one man in ten can vote; the press is not free; religion is not freely tolerated, and there is no Democracy; still, Chattel Slavery has disappeared. It is the tendency of the Nineteenth Century, judged by all Christendom (cheers). This is the great current of the age—it tends to breaking the shackle. The West Indies, whether owned by England or France, Denmark or what not, are all free wherever their laws go. England may proudly boast that, whether upon her African Colonies or her West India or East India possessions, wherever her flag floats, it melts the shackle (cheers). Now, I want you to bear that picture in mind, and then come home with me. Let us paint ourselves. For seventy years we too have had a Constitution, and a Government which we boast is the freest and most perfect in the world. Well has it proved itself so in certain great respects. It has advanced Democratic ideas. Our constant tendency has been to the elevation of the masses, and to trust the people more and more. Our whole tendency has been to raise up the masses, to abolish every barrier, and to break down every shadow of anything that seemed to say we cannot trust man with himself. There is one exception to this picture, and only one—bear in mind the current abroad—bear in mind the general current at home—there is only one exception, and that is Slavery. We teach everybody; we let everybody vote; we tolerate everybody's religion; we choose our judges; and in every other respect white men cannot be trusted too much. Slavery, instead of growing weaker, is growing stronger. Instead of growing narrower, it is broader. Instead of growing less numerous, it is quadruple. Instead of growing more modest, it is more bold-faced than ever. Instead of having 700,000 slaves, we have over three million. Instead of having a qualified pro-slavery sentiment, we have a furious and remorseless one. Instead of having a small corner of the country practically wedded to Slavery, she stretches her hands over half of our dominion, and strides into Congress and demands that the whole policy of the Government should be regulated to strengthen, to extend and to perpetuate her. Compare the tone of public opinion in 1789 with that of the present day. Take, for instance, George Washington. When his slave escaped to New Hampshire, he said that he did not wish her to be reclaimed, if such reclamation would excite the indignation or the high feeling of the community of New Hampshire (cheers). Now, where did that man come from who stood upon the steps of the Revere House, at Boston, within the last four years, and recommended Massachusetts to smother her prejudices? Why, he came from one of those New Hampshire cottages whose prejudices the Father of his Country respected. Let us trace the course of that man as he goes about the country, and undertakes to stir up the public opinion of the community in the midst of which he dwells. What was the course of Webster? Why, he went to Pennsylvania, and said, "Miners of Pennsylvania, support the Compromise!" "Why?" "If you do not, there will be no tariff, and coal will be half a dollar less per ton." He went to Cape Cod, and said to the fishermen: "Support the Compromise; for if you do not, your coasters cannot float in safety upon the banks of Newfoundland." He went to Lowell and Lawrence, and to the manufacturers of Essex, and said: "Support the Compromise; for if you do not, cotton will be half a cent less a yard." He went to the lumbermen of Maine, and to the farmers of New York, with this same bread-and-butter argument—this same appeal to the pocket—as if they knew no higher. Was this the tone of the Revolution? Here is a comparison between two distinct epochs—the epoch of Washington and the epoch of Webster. I have not taken common men, but leading men.

Let me take another instance. We have had a great man come among us—at least so they say—from the tyranny of the Old World. He came to us from Australia, and had laboured for liberty. When a man enters the presence of a sovereign prince in the East, the first thing he does is to lay his presents upon his footstool; and so, when a man comes into the presence of a great nation, he usually lays upon its footstool a present of the most acceptable expression that he can make of his sentiments and his respect. He endeavours to shape his ideas to please what he may consider the character of the people among whom he comes. Well, I blush to say that the great man to whom I allude, following the course of all the other great men who have recently visited this country—the very first thing he does is to make known to the Democratic party that he has no prejudice against Slavery—on the whole he would like to be a slaveholder. All the other great men who visited us, with this exception, have kept silence upon the subject of Slavery. That was the compliment that Kossuth paid us, for he said nothing about it. What is the compliment that Mitchel pays us? "Why," says he, "great American people, know you all by these presents, that, so far from having any narrow-minded ideas averse to the despotic institution of Slavery, I should like to be a slaveholder myself" (cheers). Never mention a halter in the presence of a man whose brother was hanged (cheers and laughter). That is a Scotch proverb. Never touch upon a subject that you think a sensitive and guilty sinner cannot bear (applause). What a compliment these foreigners pay us. What a glass it is in which we see ourselves. The very readiest way in which a foreigner thinks he can gain the good opinion of the American people is to put his hand upon his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, and make obeisance to the Slave Power. Surely, abroad, whether rightfully or wrongfully, they think we are a Slavery-loving people. John Mitchel, a patriot and a Protestant, comes to this country, in 1853, and makes himself agreeable to the American people by professing his willingness to become a slaveholder (applause). Tom Paine, the infidel, whose name is the Ultima Thule, the absolute jumping-off place of all contempt with the American clergy, came here in Revolutionary days, and what did he do to propitiate the American sentiment of 1776? Why, he joined an Abolition Society with John Jay, Benjamin Rush, and others. Note you the difference between the public opinion of 1776 and the public opinion of 1853. Am I mistaken in this? Perhaps foreigners are, but, at least, this is what they think of us. This is how we appear to the world abroad. Well, again: At the time of the Revolution, there was an old Dr. Spring, who was a Congregational and an orthodox clergyman in an old, leading, and rich Church, at Newburyport. Well, his prayer every Sunday was, "Oh Lord, overturn, overturn, overturn, and overturn, until he whose right it is shall reign;" and the old divine cared not whether Despotism be domestic or foreign, but he prayed, Sunday after Sunday, that the Lord would do what was right in the premises. Well, there is a Dr. Spring preaching now (loud applause and laughter). And he ministers to a rich, respectable, and populous Church, I am told, in one of the great cities of this Union, and he dare not pray to the Lord to overturn anything, for fear that he should, by some mistake, overturn the system of Domestic Slavery (cheers and laughter). What a change in the public opinion of this twenty millions of people! You know, as well as I do, that the time was when the profession of an Anti-Slavery sentiment did a man no harm. You know that Jefferson has left us upon record some of the noblest and most eloquent testimony against the system to which his life and practice adhered. Now, if a Thomas Jefferson existed to-day, and the *Herald* could print what he has left upon record, he could not be appointed to a post-office in the thirty-one States. He could not be elected to Congress in any district, except a very few exceptional ones, in these whole thirty-one States. Patrick Henry said, It is a debt that we owe to the purity of our religion, to let everybody understand that whatever may be the sin of our practice, we are perfectly aware that it does not sanction Slavery; and yet out of the 40,000 pulpits, there are 39,000 of them, to say the least, that preach the doctrine that the Old and the New Testament does sanction Slavery. Our own distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, who has spoken so nobly upon this Nebraska bill—I do not mean, of course, that icicle, Mr. Everett—but I mean that human being, Charles Sumner (loud cheers)—even he, when he once made, as you will all approve, his exceedingly courteous, moderate, respectful protest, political and otherwise, against the system of Slavery, has found, as a professional man, his whole legal practice swept from beneath him; and that is the ostracism of the middle of the Nineteenth Century upon the subject of Slavery at the present moment.

Now it is time, before I go further—for I have not, as you know, so very large a time to occupy to-night, and you will be content with the instances I have given you; for I do not know that any man will say that I exaggerate the deterioration of public sentiment, for every man will acknowledge that we have gone down from the Washingtons, and Jeffersons, and Madisons of the Revolution, to Franklin Pierce and Caleb Cushing (loud cheers and laughter), and we cannot go lower (renewed laughter and applause)—allow me, I say, before I go further, to make use of these facts in this way. I want to ask what has produced this deterioration. Why have we gone back? Why has this question alone been an exception to the whole tendency of the age? Allow me to come briefly to the answer of the question, as time presses. The answer which the radical Garrisonian Abolitionists make is this: It is the Compromise—the constant spirit of compromise with which this question has been dealt with by Church and State, and by individuals and parties, on all occasions. It is simply because, unlike all other questions, the Americans have never been willing to walk upon this in a straight line, and to let their arguments and their logic lead them to a result and adopt it. Upon every other question, and in every other respect, we take the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created free and equal, and having planted that as a right, we let all the many and beautiful branches of Democratic Institutions come up from it in all their directions. The moment, however, the element of colour enters into the question, the compass is all adrift—it never points to the North Pole (cheers and laughter). You can trust an American anywhere except in a question where there is colour. His logic is perfect. He will hew to the line remorselessly. He does not care whether he cuts down bishops or thrones. He does not care whether he makes *tabula rasa*—clean ground—of all human institutions. His original plan is "*fiat justitia ruat cælum*," let justice be done though the Heavens fall. He is for right and impartial justice to every man. Every man is to enjoy his rights; and if Government cannot exist with these rights, let Government go to the wall, and not the man. He says there is nothing sacred under heaven but man. God made him, but everything else man made, and everything must go to the wall before the rights of man. This is the noble and sublime attribute of the American people. It is the idol of our institutions, provided the man be white (applause). But our fathers made a great mistake when they omitted the adjective. They should have said, "All white men are created free and equal" (applause.) Here is Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, a Senator who scorns the idea that all men are free and equal, and who thinks that there is not a black man in the United States who is his equal. I hope, for the credit of the coloured race, that there is not (laughter and cheers). That is the condition to which we have come.

The spirit of Compromise, it seems to me, has produced it; because the moment we get upon the question of Slavery, an American cannot bear to hear it mentioned. I should not be making an Anti-Slavery speech to-night if these three millions of blacks were white—not a bit of it (cheers). Your whole reason and hearts would outrun all my fanaticism, and you would consider me decidedly cold if they were only white. Why, here is a black child born in South Carolina, and some John C. Calhoun looks into the cradle, puts his hand upon its brow, which God's hand has just left, and says, "This is mine." And he takes it when he pleases from its mother, and disposes of it as he pleases. "No tie, however close, between those hearts, is anything to me. It is mine." Nobody thinks this atrocious, because the babe is black. But let somebody go to the Green Mountains, and put a hand upon the cradle of a blue-eyed babe, and take it, and sell it at the auction block in New Orleans, and how soon would those hills tear themselves from their foundations, and pour themselves upon the Carolinas, to redeem those blue eyes and sunny locks! (Loud cheers.) How soon would the pulpit find out that it was not a blue-eyed Onesimus that Paul sent back to his master! How soon would the pastors of Presbyterian pulpits lift up both hands to a merciful God, and pray that He would restore that babe to the agonized bosom of the mother! But she has blue eyes and sunny hair, and the other is black. That is the difference (loud cheers). Why, at the time Lord Byron presented a bill for the benefit of the Spitalsfield Weavers, and no attention was paid to it, he said, "I would to God the weavers were black, and then you would hear me." If all these clients of mine were white, you would know that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God's law. But you are not of the same colour; you do not let the black man dare to resist the white tyrant; if you do, the whole New Testament is against you. Forty thousand American pulpits cry out against you. It is the spirit of Compromise which has given Slavery the advantages it now possesses. The principle of Freedom was compromised in the Constitution—therefore I thank God that Governeur Morris did protest against the admission of South Carolina and Georgia without an Anti-Slavery Constitution. But no man seconded his motion to that effect. That was a dark hour in our history. Men thought they stood between poverty, bondage and British misrule, and they thought they would at least save themselves from these, if they compromised with the institution of Slavery. They did it, but under the most delicate phraseology. Slavery is like the Swiss avalanche—when men go abroad, they speak of it in a whisper. One by one have we given up to Slavery the different parts of our soil, till now they demand that nearly all of the American soil shall be given up to it. Sentiment has indeed changed. What was asked for in the early history of the Republic in delicate phraseology, is now demanded for the whole of Nebraska. Now, Dr. Spring and Dr. Sharpe tell us that the Fugitive Slave Law should be obeyed. A plausible argument is that of the politicians, who say to Northern men that they have sworn to support the Constitution, which upholds Slavery. Northern representatives have been justly checked in Congress, who said that the Fugitive Slave Law was not looked upon with favour in the Northern States. When, in times past, the subject of Slavery has been agitated, Northern men have argued that it is cheaper to raise products by free than by slave labour. The matter has been discussed as a question of expediency, and not of right. We have let ourselves down from the sublime height of the absolute rectitude of God's law to the lower level of arguments of expediency. How foolish it looks in the North to say nothing of Slavery in South Carolina, and admit it as an expedient, and to oppose it in Nebraska. What consistency is there in Truman Smith being horrified at the incorporation of Mormon Polygamy into our institutions, and thus effecting the annihilation of our marriage institution, while three millions of Americans are denied the marriage rite. We have compromised away free speech, and it is absurd to talk about the retail sin of Mormon Polygamy when a wholesale sin exists in eighteen sovereign States. Haynau, who whipped a woman in Hungary, was chastised and chased by London Brewers; yet there are over a hundred thousand Haynaus who are legally entitled by the laws of our country to whip 1,500,000 American women. Mr. Choate thought it was right to interfere with Slavery in Cuba, and not in Carolina, and 4,000 merchants applauded his remarks. George Thompson, from England, attempted to interfere with Slavery in this country. The Press condemned him for it; but he had the same right to interfere with Slavery here as Mr. Choate had to interfere with it in Cuba. Mr. Webster, in addressing the Farmers at Rochester, desired to show the difference between free labour and slave labour. He painted a beautiful picture of the former; and when he attempted to make a contrast, he skipped over Virginia, and went to Brazil. He desired to make his allusion at a distance. Slavery, too, has taken possession of our literature. Years since, George Bancroft wrote a history of the United States—an excellent history. In it he spoke of Slavery in just terms, and his language you can read, if you purchase one of the first edition. But he was raised to a high position, and since then, in the later editions of his history, his ideas of Slavery present a different aspect. Slavery can buy up our great men faster than Nature can afford to make them for us. Then the Harpers—men who could afford to keep their consciences—they, too, have fallen under the Slave Power. When they published, some years ago, an editon of Mary Howitt's works, they published an Anti-Slavery tale among others. The South indignantly sent the book back, and the firm published a letter in which they apologized for the inadvertency of publishing a noble English woman's protest against Slavery. The edition, I believe, was withdrawn. The pulpit, too, is Pro-Slavery—not because it loves Slavery, but because it loves *sect* and popularity. It loves the good opinion of men more than it does the slave. Dr. Dewey does not hate the slave, but he loved his mother less than he loved the Union, when he said that he would give her up to save the Union. But, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the pulpit is on the side of Slavery. Who is it that mould the character and feelings of the American people? The clergy stand over the cradle, they walk by the bedside of the youth, are the counsel of manhood, and the comfort of age. They stand at the fountain head of the American character—and what is the result? It is a country of Websters, of Pierces, of Cushings, of Mexicans Wars and Fugitive Slave bills. Men assert that Garrison is an infidel, simply because he said that the Bible never sanctioned Slavery. They accuse me of treason, because I say if our country cannot live and exist without Slavery, then I curse the country. Our treason is this: We have so much respect for our fathers of the Revolution that we do not believe they spent the best seven years of their lives in order to build up a nation of hypocrites, and the only possibility of whose union should be to trample under foot the rights of every sixth person. The radicalism of Abolitionists is, that they undertake to say that this question cannot be got rid of so long as men continue to compromise with Slavery. There have been a great many protests, and indeed there has never been a time when an Anti-Slavery sentiment has not existed in this country. Garrison looked at the Slavery question as one of right. He demanded the rights of all men. He stood upon a tenable basis, and did not argue from expediency. He said that whether the negro was up or down, the negro should have a right to his wife and children; and then Dr. Spring and Dr. Dewey said that is flat blasphemy. It is no new principle that I utter. Those who announce new principles are not the men who create agitation in the world. It takes half a generation to get new ideas to take root in the soil. It is the men who apply principles who create agitation. Garrison has created an agitation because he has attempted to apply the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The Bible Society sustains Slavery, and the Sunday School Union occupies no better ground. It succumbs to the pulpit, and dares not give a Bible or a tract to the slave. The Slave Power—one hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders—have $200,000,000 invested in Slavery. With its immense capital it has bought up the literature of the country, and it is banded together by despair, for it knows that the whole world is against it. It has established an aristocracy over a part of our country, and has got a three-fifths representation for slave property in Congress. Yet we are told to get under the shelter of these institutions, and trust that party organization will eventually do away with the slave system. Yes, when a man can stand in a basket and lift himself up by the handles! The North is wonderfully surprised that the South does not stand up to this compact. A man who lives by stealing can have not a great objection to lying. I have no wish to speak against the religious institutions of the country. We cannot abolish Slavery without the Bible and without the religious convictions of the people against it. I know of no way of opposing this Money Power by politics. The best description of the politician is in Latin, *Politicus est quis? Homo ita servicus Deo ut non offendat diabolum.* What is the politician? A man who serves God just so far as not to offend the devil. Some of you have heard that the politician leads public opinion, and that when they want to change great questions they apply to those leading men at Washington. They get the desired change about as much as the Greenlanders get hot weather by boiling the thermometer. The youth seeing the walking-beam in motion, imagines that it causes the wheels to move. But there is a *fanatic* below that does the work. The pulpits say they represent Christianity. I say they do not. I say that God never made a slaveholder nor a slave. The slaveholders fear Christianity and fear the Bible, else why do they try to prevent slaves from learning to read it? It remains for this people to say whether—Constitution or no Constitution—Union or no Union—law or no law—profit or loss—we will do justice to every man in the world.—*Times.*

OUR SOUTHERN MASTERS.

One thing alone is to be added, and you will have the whole of the affirmative side of the Nebraska question in the briefest possible compass. This is the view which the South takes of the character of the Northern opposition to the bill, and of its own objects which will be accomplished by it. For this development we are mainly indebted to Mr. Stephens, though do not let it be presumed for a moment that his views are confined to himself alone. He speaks for the South. It is, then, perfectly well understood that the South, by this Nebraska movement, nationalizes Slavery, and brings the nose of the North to the grindstone, as well as that she intends and expects to hold it there. Five-and-twenty or thirty Northern doughfaces in the Lower House is enough to enable her to ride roughshod over freedom and the free States, and these she expects to secure. The experience of 1850 has rendered the slave power arrogant and domineering. It firmly believes in the Cushing doctrine of "crushing out," and that the Democratic masses of the North can be relied upon as her faithful allies in this work. This work the South will now go on to consummate. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise is but the first step. But without enlarging on this but too fruitful topic, I will close by giving so much of the substance of Mr. Stephens's remarks in the House yesterday as is germane to this subject. I do not pretend to give his words, but his ideas are embodied in the following language:

"Well, gentlemen, you make a good deal of clamour over this Nebraska measure, but it don't alarm us at all. We have got used to that kind of talk. You have threatened before, but you never performed. You always caved in and you will again. You are a mouthing, white-livered set. Of course you will oppose the measure; we expect that; but we don't care for your opposition. You will rail, but we are used to your railing. You will hiss, but so do adders. We expect it of adders, and we expect it of you. You are like the devils that were pitched over the battlements of heaven into hell. They set up a howl at their discomfiture, and so will you. But their fate was sealed, and so is yours. You must submit to the yoke, so don't chafe. Gentlemen, we have got you in our power. You tried to drive us to the wall in 1850, but things are changed. Then and before you were imperious and grasping and would not agree to run the line of 36 deg. 30 min. to the Pacific and take all the territory to the north of that line. You were greedy and wanted more. But now you will lose the whole. You went a-wooling and have come home fleeced. Don't be so impudent as to complain. You will only be slapped in the face. Don't resist. You will be lashed into obedience. The Legislatures of New York, of Rhode Island, of Massachusetts, the Northern divines, the opponents of Nebraska everywhere are merely adders, whose vocation it is to hiss; they are simply howling devils who shall all be sent to hell"

After this sort the Honourable Stephens ran on. It was very much like a lecture Mr. Legree might go out and deliver to a plantation of his slaves: "You want your liberty, do you? Well, you can't "have it. You think you have rights, do you? "Well, I'll show you that you have none. You have "groaned under the lash formerly, have you? Well, "I intend to give you more of it. Don't mutter your "revenge. I have heard all that before. I am your "master, and you have got to submit."

We trust the people of the North will exhibit a proper degree of humility and manifest an obedient temper toward their new rulers. Let them be prepared to submit with a good grace to the domination, utter and complete, of the slave power: or else let them rise in their might and grind every Northern doughface and traitor into powder.—J. S. P.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

THE CRISIS.

In this great emergency, into which we have come by the perfidy of the South and the corruption of many Northern political men, we can expect but little help from mere politicians. They are men without moral sense. There are no humanities, there is no justice, there is no morality, there is no religion in politics, as such. And politicians, whatever they may be as private citizens, have almost always proved themselves devoid of moral principle.

This whole nation lies spread out like a gambler's table, before the Washington politicians. They are casting their dice upon it, and watching for streaks of luck, with as little consideration of right or wrong as if they were professional gamblers in a secreted chamber of mischief. The whole fate of millions, the questions of religion, as they appertain to ten future States, each as large as New York; the secular and industrial prosperity of a territory one-half as large as the whole valley of the Mississippi, is at stake. These momentous interests stand unprotected from the unprincipled bartering and raffling of unscrupulous and perfidious politicians.

The virtue, the morals, the prosperity of a domain large enough to be an empire, has no safeguard about it. Those future States, silent and unpopulous, are like so many lambs huddled in a thicket by crowds of wolves, that only wait for some single taste of blood, to plunge in and tear the whole! Unless there is a storm from the people, that shall roll like thunder in the mountains; unless the recreant and graceless herd in Congress shall hear the coming down of many waters, like roaring freshets from mountains on whose tops clouds have burst, there will soon be no more ground to fight for. If anything is to be done, it must be done by the North. It must be quickly, loudly and impetuously done! There must be an outcry coming up from the bosom of the people, like that which rent the midnight of Egypt when all its first-born were stricken. Let no man wait for his fellow. Let children and women lead and teach sluggish manhood with what energy and soul a voice should be heard for liberty, upon half a continent, like the voice of God when He speaks in storms!

Let every single man write, "I solemnly protest against the perfidy and the outrage of abolishing the Missouri Compromise;" and as he bears it to the post-office, if he find a fellow to sign it, let him sign; but if not, let it go, as his single protest.

Let families send solemn protests—the father and mother, the children and hired labourers. Let there be ten thousand petitions from single families, within a week, at Washington.

Let churches and congregations unite, and send instant petitions. In country churches, where the people are gathered from wide distances, let this work follow the faithful preaching of their pastor. If Christ would heal a cripple upon the Sabbath day, and even a Pharisee draw forth an ox from a perilous ditch, shall not churches, on the Sabbath day, sign a solemn remonstrance against plunging States and unnumbered multitudes into a ditch of iniquity as deep as Hell?

We are on the eve of a greater event than the Declaration of our Independence. Perhaps, while these lines are being read, the whole balance of power will have changed in this Union, and the North will have sold her birthright of liberty in all the West, for a mess of pottage. Then, at length, when it is done, the sluggish North will rouse up. Then the conscience will begin to rebound. But who will take the lamb from the lion's paw, when once it is his?

In this solemn hour of peril, when all men's hearts sink within them, we have an appeal to those citizens who rebuked us for our fears, in 1850.

Did you not declare that that should be a Finality? Did you not say that, by a concession of conscience, we should thereafter have peace?

Is this the peace? Is this the fulfilment of your promise? Is not this the very sequence which we told you would come? That compromise was a ball of frozen rattlesnakes. You turned them in your hands, then, with impunity. We warned and besought. We protested and adjured. You persisted in bringing them into the dwelling. You laid them down before the fire. Now where are they? They are crawling all around. Their fangs are striking death into every precious interest of Liberty! It is your work!

In such a disaster, have you, above all other men, no special duty? Are you the only men to be silent—to slink away in surprise and fear—content only not to approve the disaster of that course which you inaugurated? In the very front rank of utter and indignant action should be seen every man who preached peace and acquiescence in 1850. You have let in upon us this mischief. Can you clear your conscience now, by despair, by supine regrets, by empty protestations of surprise?

In this emergency, where are those ministers of the Gospel who have always refused to infuse into the public mind a sound and instructed moral sentiment upon the subject of Slavery? Hitherto you have been silent, because *it did not concern the North.* We earnestly protested that so deep and dreadful a disease could not prey upon any limb of this nation, and not strike its taint and danger through and through the whole body politic. We implored men not to let the first principles of human rights die out of the popular mind; not to let a gigantic engine of despotism, through its selfish remunerations of commerce, deaden every quick sensibility to justice, and bribe to sleep the vigilance of humanity, though every palm should have thrice as many pieces of silver as did He of old.

We will not blame men for misjudgment. But do you owe no superior activity in view of such mistake? Is it right to permit a deadly evil to steal past you, and upon the nation that you love as your own lives, and which God set you to guard; and then, at length, when you are aroused to the imminence of the mischief, are you the ones to hold up despairing hands, and say it is too late? Before, it was "too soon, too soon;" now it is "too late, too late." At first, it was, "There is no danger;" now, "There is no escape." Your presumptuous confidence let in the evil, and your guilty despair will consummate its deadly errand!

In this crisis, where are those ministers that spake against the Higher Law, as a phantasm, as a vagary of designing fanatics? The public conscience shrank under their teaching like grass before the flames. The tone of moral feeling has gone down the scale to zero. Else, had any set of men, however audacious, believed it a safe and easy work to rob the North of all her rights in bondless territory? No man enters the dwelling of the strong man armed to despoil him of his goods, until he is bound, or nods in sleep.

The North is bound and asleep. It is bound with bonds of unlawful compromise! You, ministers of Christ, held her limbs, while the gaunt and worthy minions of oppression moved about, twisting inextricable cords about her hands and feet; or, like Saul, stood by, holding the garments of those that slew the martyr! The poor Northern conscience has been like a fly upon a spider's web. Her statesmen, and not a few of her ministers, have rolled up the struggling insect, singing fainter and fainter, with webs of sophistry, till it now lies a miserable, helpless victim, and Slavery is crawling up to suck its vital blood!

What, then, do you owe to God, to heaven, and to your country, in an effort to regain conscience, liberty and duty? God, who searches the heart, knows that it is not in our heart to say these things for the sake of aspersion. We would lie down, before you, and let your steps tread our very neck if you were only marching toward the high ends of our country's good. But we cannot endure to see the noble and venerable ministers of the Gospel first duped and deceived, and made to serve the ends of oppression, and then, when the mighty juggle is detected, stand silent and aghast, as unwilling now to repair as before to prevent the utter misery and evil. Our Societies for the propagation of the Gospel have borne no testimony. Books have been expurgated of out-spoken sentiments of liberty, as if to believe in human rights were a mortal sin. Those who have

insisted upon urging the dangers of Slavery upon the Church, and upon the Nation, have been marked, and made odious.

There has been no division among the abettors of Slavery. They have seen eye to eye. They have walked with undivided ranks. They have looked and lusted; they have planned and taken; they have marched and conquered. Only among the advocates of liberty have there been divisions, uncertainty, and cowardice. The element of common despotism has compacted and centralized the South. The element of liberty has divided and split up the North. Churches have been split, States have burned with fierce parties. The very Anti-Slavery men, not content with standing under the frown of gigantic battlements of despotism, have stopped to quarrel, to be divided into petty sections and jealous cliques. We have all sinned together, some by an irritable peace founded upon deceit, and some by irritable feuds and violence, in a cause of justice and patriotism, that should have overborne all such weaknesses and sin, and united us as solid mountains.

But now, is there not, at length, a ground upon which the whole North can gather? Is there not a danger, so vast, so cruel, so perfidious and hateful, that all men of every party, conservative or radical, peaceful or violent, ministers and laymen, shall be found standing inseparably together? Out of all the confusions and tumults of past divisions, at length, may we not hope that God will now unite and construct one living, ennobled and vital community, and that her voice shall be heard, speaking against oppression, and for perpetual liberty, like the sound of mighty thunderings, and like the voice of many waters.

But let us not be deceived. Let every man be prepared for a future! If this bill shall be defeated, the North will be like a man just dragged out of the rapids above Niagara! If this bill pass, the North will be like a man whirled in the very wildest rage of the infuriate rapids, and making headlong haste toward the Awful Plunge.

Does any man believe that there can be *peace*, if this iniquity goes forward? Will the South, with such advantage gained, easily relinquish her grip? Will the North, betrayed, wounded, and religiously aroused from the very bottom, let slave States come to the Door of the Union, from the very territory of which she has been cheated, and bid them enter? Such struggles are before us as we have never seen. The next time the masses, the religious minded-men of the then undivided North are aroused, standing on no flimsy base of compromise, but on the solid foundations of humanity, of natural feeling, of a Northern national feeling springing from a love of liberty, they will not be put to sleep again by any mere pretences of peace. The finality which the South gave was a hollow truce, but to give them time to forge their arms and grind their swords. They bribed the North with a lie. The next time the North reaches forth her hand, it will scarcely be for gold or silver. There is more danger now of wild collisions than of lying finalities. It will come to that, if the foolish counsels of timid men prevail. If civil wars are to be prevented, now is the time; courage to-day, or carnage to-morrow. Firmness will give peace; trembling will bring war.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

ABOLITION AND INFIDELITY.

The *Congregational Journal* says:

"In looking over the list of Anti-Slavery lecturers in the *Liberator*, we observed the names of three men who were once Congregational ministers, and one a Congregational theological student, all of whom have become avowed infidels! Three of them are natives of New Hampshire, and the other, years ago, occupied most of the pulpits in the State as a Sabbath school agent. Who can give the true philosophy of such facts?"

On this text, the New York *Observer* comments as follows:

"These are not a tithe of those who have run a similar race; and we think the question of our brother of the *Congregational Journal* may be easily answered. The cause lies in the fundamental principles adopted by the Abolition movement, in the onset. Any one who will examine these principles and their practical workings may see that they are necessarily productive of the following results:

1. They will lead those who act upon them to cut themselves loose from their religious associations. This has been the practical result, wherever those principles have been fairly and consistently carried out. And whoever does this, loses one of the strongest influences which God, in constituting a church on earth, has thrown around his people to preserve them from apostacy.

2. These principles necessarily bring those who adopt them into an attitude of hostility towards the church and the ministry; and thus they find themselves at once in the company of infidels.

3. These principles lead them into hostility with those institutions, through which the benevolence of the churches flows out upon the world; and this is also the attitude of infidelity.

4. These principles bring them into conflict with the wisest and best men the church has produced, in their interpretation of Scripture, and thus weaken the testimony of learning and piety to the inspiration of the Scriptures themselves.

5. These principles bring them into direct conflict with the Bible, both with respect to the principles themselves and to the mode of carrying them out. The fundamental principles upon which the Abolition movement is based cannot be maintained on Scripture grounds, nor without "getting rid" (as we recently heard one of them say) of some passages of Scripture. And the radical mode of removing evils is also in conflict with Scripture. Radicalism would rudely pull up the tares, though the wheat be also rooted up and trodden down; for it is regardless of consequences. But the word of God says: "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."

And now, where there are so many points of affinity with infidelity, can it be wondered at that scores of them become infidels? This is the natural and legitimate result; and if it has not, in all cases, been reached, it is because the principles have not been fully carried out. Garrison and his party are true and consistent exponents of the principles upon which the movement originally commenced."

The pertinacity of the fossils of the New York *Observer* in reiterating the charge of infidelity against the Abolitionists, *as a class*, may be accounted for on one of two principles. Either on the ground that a lie well stuck to will at last find believers, or for the same reason that the rogue is the first to cry "stop thief" when news of his robbery collects a crowd on the street: that is the hope of averting suspicion from himself, by trying to fasten guilt upon another. That a portion of the Abolitionists, of the Garrison school, have become infidels is mournfully true; though as between their unbelief and the faith of the *Observer*, our preference is decidedly in favour of the former. Theirs is an infidelity with some heart and humanity in it; his is a faith soulless, inhuman, cruel, and dead. But the infidelity in question is the legitimate offspring of the pro-slavery religion of which the New York *Observer* is one of the chief exponents; and perhaps it is the dim consciousness of guilt in a bosom not yet utterly petrified that extorts these frequent groans from its editor, as a vent to inward pain.

In the last edition of the charge, as above quoted, there is a minuteness of specification which looks as if its author was at last beginning to believe it himself; and which demands brief notice.

In the first place it is asserted that the cause of the infidelity of some Abolitionists "lies in the fundamental principles adopted by the Abolition movement, in the onset." Those "fundamental principles" were two in number. First, the inherent sinfulness of buying, selling, and owning God's image as property. Second, the duty of immediately confessing and forsaking this sin. Now, if these principles lead to infidelity, it must be because they are opposed to some part of the Bible. But with what precept of that blessed book do they conflict? Is it with the great law of love which Jesus declares embodies the whole of the Law and the Prophets? Is it with the declaration that "God is no respecter of persons"? or with the teaching of the Apostle, that "pure religion before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world"? By the laws of Moses, from which a seeming justification of Slavery is sometimes tortured, the perpetrators of this crime were punished with death. "For he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be *found in his hand*, he shall surely be put to death." But by trying to prove, from other portions of the Bible, that it elsewhere sanctions what it here pronounces a capital crime, the *Observer* and its co-labourers have manufactured the infidelity they profess to abhor. Admitting their interpretations of the Bible to be true, and they prove two things: First, that the Bible contradicts itself, and therefore is not divine; Second, that the revelation of the Scriptures contradicts the revelation of consciousness, and is, therefore, false. The conviction that it is a crime of the deepest dye to hold immortal beings in the condition of brutes is written by the finger of God on the human soul, in characters more legible than those in which he has traced the evidence of the inspiration of the Bible. The evidence of consciousness is of a higher order than the evidence of argument. Hence to array the latter against the former is inevitably to secure a verdict inimical to any conclusion against our consciousness, to which the most logical argument would lead. This is precisely what the *Observer* and other pro-slavery interpreters have done. They have arrayed the innate consciousness of right, as well as the humanity of men, against the Bible, and are, hence, the guilty authors of the infidelity over which they so sanctimoniously whine.

The next charge of this mendacious sheet is that the "fundamental principles of the Abolition movement lead those who act upon them, to cut themselves loose from their religious associations." We admit that consistency with their "fundamental principles" will lead the Abolitionists "to cut loose from religious associations" with the *Observer*, and those of like sentiments. But is there anything in the doctrine that it is a crime to make merchandise of immortality, and that all sin should be immediately abandoned, to lead men to "cut loose" from all "religious associations"? On the contrary, the direct tendency of these doctrines is to lead men into the closest associations with God, and all the good and pure.

Again: "These principles necessarily bring those who adopt them into an attitude of hostility towards the church and the ministry." Then must "the church and the ministry" be in "an attitude" of sympathy and friendship with Slavery. To oppose Slavery is to be brought into hostility to the church and ministry! Could a more sweeping testimony to the utterly pro-slavery character of the church and ministry be borne? For the same charge, not half so sweepingly brought, against the church and ministry, Abolitionists have been accused of slandering them.

The next specification is that "these principles lead them into hostility with those institutions through which the benevolence of the churches flows out to the world." Then is the charge that these institutions are pro-slavery, true; and the Free Mission and Reformed Book and Tract movements are fully justified.

The next assertion of the *Observer* is a stupendous falsehood. The "wisest and the best men the church has produced" hated Slavery intensely; and regarded all attempts to justify it from the Bible as little short of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

The last count in the indictment is that "these principles bring them into direct conflict with the Bible." Again we demand with what passage? The parable of the tares and wheat has no reference to the question in issue at all; and there is not a passage in the word of God which teaches any other doctrine on the subject of sin than that of immediate repentance and reformation. The opposite doctrine is one full of the worst kind of practical infidelity.

A more reckless, false, and malicious article than that of the *Observer*, we have not lately seen. There is no class of men in whom the religious element is more largely developed than the Abolitionists. None who more cordially embrace the doctrines or more faithfully practice the duties of evangelical religion than the large majority of the Anti-Slavery people of this and other lands.—*Free Presbyterian.*

THE JOB HALF DONE.

The U. S. Senate, at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning—the anniversary of Gen. Pierce's inauguration—passed Douglas's bill providing for the organization of the new Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, by the following vote:

YEAS.

New Hampshire—Moses Norris, Jared W. Williams.
Connecticut—Isaac Toucey.
New Jersey—John R. Thomson.
Pennsylvania—Richard Brodhead, Jr.
Indiana—John Pettit.
Illinois—Stephen A. Douglass, James Shields.
Iowa—Aug. C. Dodge, Geo. W. Jones.
Michigan—Lewis Cass, Chas. E. Stuart.
California—Wm. M. Gwin, John B. Weller.
[Total from the Free States, 14—all Dem.]
Delaware—James A. Bayard.
Maryland—*Thomas G. Pratt.*
Virginia—Jas. M. Mason, R. M. T. Hunter.
North Carolina—*George E. Badger.*
South Carolina—A. P. Butler, Josiah J. Evans.
Georgia—*William C. Dawson.*
Alabama—Benj. Fitzpatrick, Clement C. Clay, Jr.
Mississippi—Steph. Adams, Albert G. Brown.
Florida—Jackson Morton.
Louisiana—John Slidell, *J. P. Benjamin.*
Kentucky—*Arch. Dixon, John B. Thompson.*
Tennessee—*James C. Jones.*
Missouri—D. R. Atchison, *Henry S. Geyer.*
Arkansas—W. K. Sebastian, Robert W. Johnson.
Texas—Thomas J. Rusk.
[Total from Slave States, 23—9 Whigs (in Italic), 14 Dem.]

NAYS.

Maine—Hannibal Hamlin, *Wm. Pitt Fessenden.*
Massachusetts—Charles Sumner.
Rhode Island—Charles T. James.
Connecticut—*Truman Smith.*
Vermont—*Solomon Foot.*
New York—*William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish.*
Ohio—Salmon P. Chase, *Benjamin F. Wade.*
Wisconsin—Isaac P. Walker, Henry Dodge.
Tennessee—*John Bell.*
Texas—Sam Houston.
Total, 14—7 Whigs (in Italics), 2 Free Soilers (small caps), 5 Democrats.

ABSENT (*sick or dodged*).

Massachusetts—EDWARD EVERETT!!
Rhode Island—Philip Allen (absent—family sick).
Vermont—Samuel S. Phelps.
New Jersey—*William Wright* (ex-Whig).
Pennsylvania—James Cooper!
Delaware—JOHN M. CLAYTON!
Maryland—James A. Pearce.
Indiana—Jesse D. Bright (absent—sick).
Georgia—Robert Toombs (do. do.)
Florida—Stephen R. Mallory (do. do.)
[Total—5 Whigs, 4 Dem. and Toombs.]

Of the absentees, it is understood that six would have voted No, and three Yes, had they voted at all, making the vote 40 to 20, with about half of John M. Clayton to add to each side, should either consider any part of him worth taking. Senator Pearce, as representing a slave-breeding State, whose most profitable staple export consists of her own sons and daughters accused of no fault and suspected of no crime, but sent away shackled into eternal exile and misery—sometimes by their own fathers—because they are about the only crop that can be grown without loss on a soil which Slavery has cursed, and under a social system which brutifies and disgraces Labour, may perhaps feel justified by the fact that his constituents were presumably on one side of the question and his conscience on the other, so that he considered it a fair compromise to refrain from voting at all.

Mr. Everett will find that he has made the greatest among the many mistakes of his political life by deserting his constituents on this question. If his devotion to slumber is his main reason, he ought to have remained President of Harvard, and not accepted a position wherewith constitutional drowsiness is incompatible. But in fact his dodge on the vote is barely worse than the dodges in his speech.

Mr. Cooper, we understand, is on the eve of quitting Political life. It were better had he deemed this a sufficient reason for leaving his seat before this important vote was taken. We are sure he will yet regret his not doing so.

As to Mr. Phelps, the country should understand that Vermont is in no manner responsible for the infamy of his course. She did not send him to this Senate and she long ago repented that she *ever* sent him. He was appointed, over a year ago, by Gov. Fairbanks, for a stop-gag, with no expectation on the part of anybody that he *could* hold the seat beyond the adjournment a year since. But the last Legislature was so cut up politically that no Senator could be chosen, yet, though the two hundred Members voted for Senator ever so many times, there were never so many as three of them who voted for S. S. Phelps. They finally adjourned, leaving the seat vacant, with no more thought that Phelphs would venture to resume it than that the ex-Governor would undertake to appoint a new Senator in his place. Yet Phelps, having no other job on hand, went back to Washington and took the seat, never even asking an expression of opinion as to his right to do so, but, presuming on the natural reluctance of gentlemen to kick an old associate down stairs, he has since held on to the eight dollars per day, as if that sum were of more consequence than character, reputation, and the honour of the State which has tried to honour him. The Senate was once goaded into taking up his case, which ought long since to have been decided; but it was talked about and laid over, on an understanding, we verily believe, that if he were allowed to remain and draw his pay, he would not be found voting against this atrocious Nebraska bill! Had there been a chance, a hope, a possibility, of the Senate's voting him permission to stay, a sense of shame must have driven him to insist on a settlement of his case before this great Nebraska issue should be decided. But he sat silent and pocketed the dollars. How much longer shall Vermont passively endure this disgrace?—*Tribune.*

A NIGHT IN THE SENATE.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Saturday, March 4, 1854.

As I entered the Senate Chamber about 10 o'clock last night, I found the new Senator from Maine, Mr. Fessenden, making a most gallant onslaught upon the Nebraska conspirators. It was a speech that they will remember—manly, caustic and defiant. It was glorious to see the little band of faithful men in the Senate made larger and stronger by such an addition, and deeply sensible, I know, are his compeers of the strength and encouragement thus brought to their ranks. All around him were the bullying, braggart majority, flushed with anticipated victory, and some of them, I am mortified to say, beastly drunk. He nevertheless with undaunted courage held them all at bay. Twice Senator Butler of South Carolina advanced toward the Senator from Maine with clenched fists and flushed face, as if to commit a personal assault, but this only brought forth renewed and redoubled blows of eloquence and logic from the new Senator. He told the South, what they should have been told in 1850, that if they desire to leave the Union they need not delay their departure an hour on account of the North. They have frightened us one too many times with that bugaboo, to succeed this time. Weller, too, attempted to reply to some of the home thrusts of Senator Fessenden. His usual bombastic fourth-of-July style of oratory was heightened probably by too frequent visits to one of the ante-chambers of the Senate room. Even Douglas could not endure the eloquence of the California Senator, and at last compelled him to give way and yield the floor. Douglas commenced his speech about midnight and spoke till nearly three in the morning. The reports of his speech which will reach you will convey but a faint idea of its violence and vulgarity. It was made up of personal attacks, mainly, which gave it all the piquancy it possessed. Only those who know Douglas, or those who heard him, can be aware of his low "Short Boy" style of speaking. His sneering tone and vulgar grimaces must be heard and seen rather than described. To Senator Seward he said in return to a courteous explanation "Ah, you can't "crawl behind that free nigger dodge." He always uses the word "nigger" and not "negro" as it appears in his printed speeches. To Senator Weller he said, in Bowery style, "Sit down, this is *my* fight, don't mix "in." His whole harangue abounded with such specimens and with frequent colloquies with different Senators.

Among the Senators who were particularly *elevated*, were Messrs. Butler and Gwin. When Douglas arose to speak, Mr. Butler went to him and put his arm around his neck, and said: "Ah, don't speak, Douglas, "to-night, it is too late, you can't do justice to your"self." His G—d d—ns and by G—ds were heard quite distinctly in the gallery, amid loud conversation.

Gwin insisted upon Weller's going on with his speech against the entreaties and remonstrances of Douglas, exclaiming: "My colleague *shall* speak. I don't care "if the debate lasts a thousand years." "There's "Seward," said Gwin, at another time, "he's got the "worst principles of any man in the Senate, but he is "the best friend to California I know," at the same time slapping Seward on his back.

Sam Houston, a true temperance man I believe, excited some merriment by having cups of tea brought to him while he was speaking. The laughter among the ladies was caused, I believe, by his manner of pouring the tea from the cup into the saucer and by his seizing the opportunity of occasional interruptions in his speech to quietly enjoy his beverage. He made an eloquent speech, widely in contrast with that of Douglas.

The last lady left the galleries about 4 o'clock in the morning, at which time the male portion of the audience, also, had become somewhat thin. The Senators were provided with eatables and drinkables in one of the adjoining rooms of the Senate Chamber, which they frequently visited. I believe such a scene as was enacted in the Senate last night is almost unprecedented, and every person who has the least respect for his country will pray that such scenes may never occur again. The horrible death of Gardiner, the midnight orgies of the Senate, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise on the part of that body, will together fill a dark page in our history.—w.—*Tribune.*

NIGHT SCENES IN THE PASSAGE OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Washington, Saturday, March 4, 1854.

The scenes of last night were a fitting finale to the passage through the Senate of the infamous Nebraska bill. The long day's session extended into the evening. The evening wore on to midnight. Midnight passed, and the cock crew, and daylight broke before the vote was taken. At length, after an earnest and deprecatory speech of Gen. Houston against the measure, the record was finally made at 5 o'clock in the morning, after an exciting session of 19 hours. And so ended the first step in this great iniquity.

Of the noticeable events of the night, let me first refer to Douglas's heated speech, which, commencing before midnight, extended to 3 o'clock in the morning. In this performance, Mr. Douglas appeared in several distinct characters. As the Chairman of the Committee reporting the bill, as Agitator-General of the Slavery question, as the Chief of Doughfaces, as the Bully of Slavery, and as the impersonation of Injured Innocence: In the latter character, his efforts were the greatest and his impression the most marked. He attacked Messrs. Chase and Sumner with unsurpassed virulence, and poured out torrents of vehement vituperation and insult upon their heads, because in their address they characterized this measure of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as an outrage, and suggested "Presidential aspirations" as being at the bottom of it. The high pitch of wrath to which Mr. Douglas rose in this part of his remarks could only be accounted for on the supposition that he considered his Presidential chances very seriously damaged by the opposition to the bill, beginning with that report and coming down to this time. Well, it *was* unjust to the Illinois patriot to hint that he could be actuated by selfish considerations in concocting his variously modified changeling, or to term it a criminal attempt to betray the interests of Freedom and the North. Of course he never thought of winning southern votes, or of bartering off the territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. for the Presidency. Mr. Douglas is too virtuous a man for that. Neither is the repeal of the restriction on Slavery any outrage. Mr. Douglas asserted, with an air of the utmost innocence, that that repeal was no part of the *object* of his bill, it was simply an immaterial *incident* of it. That he himself was no northern man, nor southern man, but a capacious national man, who had no eye for such small things as liberty and northern interests. He desired it to be understood that he was acting as a Senator and only dealing with *principles*, and that an obstacle like that of the line of 36 deg. 30 min. was a small thing to interrupt his grand march while following where those principles led. Virtuous and lofty Mr. Douglas! He is never slippery, and never does any pettifogging!

But the personal aspect of the speech is the only part I need allude to. It offended the dignity of the Senate and the nation. It was a revival of some of the scenes of Foote's time, and quite as scandalous as any speech that that political wasp ever inflicted upon a disgusted audience. It disclosed the fact that Douglas himself is anything but a man of true courage, and that he knew he was dealing with men who had an instinctive aversion to all personal broils. If he had been a man of genuine intrepidity, and felt as he professed to feel, he would never have sought the arena of the Senate to settle his personal grievance with the Free Soil Senators. For the language and tone he adopted toward them was wholly alien to that body, and disgraceful alike to it and to him that indulged in them. Besides, Mr. Chase told him, in reply to his declaration that he, Mr. Chase, was elected by a "corrupt bargain," that wheever said that stated a falsehood. This remark Mr. Douglas resented in no other way than by going on with his invective and continuing his buzzard feast on the address of the Free Soil Senators. His manner and language were such as to imperiously demand the interposition of the Chair; or that the part of Benton upon Foote, in the celebrated pistol scene, should have been re-enacted upon the spot. But he was allowed to proceed without let or hindrance, till it seemed there could be no fitting termination to it but by a general bar-room melée and knockdown. All that was wanting to make the scene complete and harmonious was the presence of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan on the floor in a regular set-to. The galleries were allowed to applaud without rebuke, and Senator Gwin rapped applause on the floor with his big double-headed cane, as though he were in the pit of a theatre. Other Senators were scarcely less obstreperous. Yet, let it be remembered, that when at one period of Mr. Charles Sumner's late oration, a faint applause was heard in the galleries, the presiding officer called to order with the most authoritative manner, and declared that at the next slightest demonstration they should be cleared. And this same Senator Gwin, with a flushed face and imperious manner, spoke out on that occasion and said, "Do not wait for that, do it at once." Let the incident be marked. Mr. Douglas took especial care, however, to avoid all collision with certain other gentlemen opposed to the bill. Such, for example, as Mr. Houston and Mr. Truman Smith. Each of these gentlemen would have promptly paid their respects to him on the slightest provocation. Mr. Smith especially would have been glad of the opportunity to have transfixed the blustering hero, as he has more than once done already. But Mr. Douglas's laurels are only won in a war upon non-resistants.

But the insolence of the Slave Power has not alone been shown through Mr. Douglas in the closing scenes of this debate. It was exhibited on the previous evening by Mason, of Virginia, and Badger, of North Carolina. They alternately played the overseer for several hours, also taking Chase and Sumner for their text. Their course was as insulting as they knew how to make it, and insufferable in a body of equals. Judge Wade poured out some of his scorching sarcasms upon them, and told them that, however their manners might suit the plantation, they were not fit for the Senate. In the skirmishes of the day, Mr. Stuart, of Michigan came up at one time quite manfully, and to everybody's delight, spoke like a man with a soul in his body on the subject of Douglas and dragooning, but he faded out before the close, and quietly went back to the ranks as an obedient subaltern. In that day's debate, Mr. Chase acquitted himself with great credit and ability. His response to Mason was severe and indignant in tone, yet courteous in manner.

—To return to last night's debate. The dignified bearing of Gov. Seward, in his various replies and explanations to Douglas, were a marked feature. Judge Wade also distinguished himself again by some pointed and clinching observations, addressed to the defenders and apologists of Slavery. His repeated salies won him great favour and applause. But perhaps the most significant event of the night was the maiden speech of the new Senator from Maine, Mr. Pitt Fessenden, His *debut* was eminently successful. He commanded strict attention from all sides, and enforced the conviction on all the Senators present that not only had a new member come among them, but that a new *man* had made his appearance in the body. Mr. Fessenden's speech was bold, fluent, clear, and hard as flint. He addressed the Southern gentlemen as if they were old acquaintances, and told them that, if agitation was renewed with increased vigour in consequence of the passage of the Nebraska bill, he wished them to understand now that they would have nobody to thank for it but themselves. And that for his part, if the bill *did* pass, they might put him down as just *beginning* to agitate. As for any threats of dissolution of the Union on account of agitation, he desired them to consider further that they disturbed him not at all. He had heard them before and he knew how empty all such threats were. In reply to Judge Butler, who warmly declared that the South were not pretending, to favour disunion in order to quiet agitation, but were really in earnest, "Very well," said Mr. Fessenden, "I beg you not to delay any business of that sort on my account." Several other hits of equal point fell from him in rapid succession. One by-stander remarked that his guns seemed to be all double-shotted, and another observed that it was the best speech he had heard in the Senate on the subject, for it was one straight to the point, and one that it required no effort to understand.

The friends of freedom may congratulate themselves upon the acquisition to the Senate at this juncture of such a man as Mr. Fessenden.

The bill was thus manfully fought in the Senate by its opponents, and goes into the House with the stamp and seal of more than midnight darkness upon it, and challenging and demanding a united and determined opposition to it in that body. We have every assurance, both in the nature of the bill and the circumstances under which it has at last found its way through the Senate, that its opponents there will in no respect come short of their duty. K.

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM AND AMERICAN LIBERTY.

We have already announced the consummation, by Imperial edict, of the emancipation of the peasantry throughout the Austrian Empire. The convulsions of 1848 impelled the promise of this important measure; the apprehended convulsions of 1854 have secured its performance. Austria remains a despotism, but with only one despot where there have hitherto been thousands. The Kaiser is master of life, liberty and property, but the aristocracy can no longer lord it over the toiling millions hitherto known as their feudal servants. Nay: it would seem that the emancipated peasantry are to be provided with freeholds from the estates of their former lords, for which they are to pay, by installents, a moderate compensation, and this payment is to close all claims of service or tribute from the late vassals to their ex-masters. The revolution, therefore, is eminently a Social one, with an anti-Rent aspect which must render it a spoliation and a war on the Rights of Property in the eyes of our Conservative journalists.

No matter how great was the constraint exercised in the premises by the precarious condition of the Empire, and the formidable financial as well as political perils which now environ it, this is an event calculated to elicit the congratulations of friends of Progress throughout the world. If such are the results of an Imperial exigency, we may well pray that other despotisms be speedily exposed to similar dangers. Nor need we forget that, in his great Letter to Hulsemann, our own Webster officially spoke of American and Austrian institutions as follows:

"Their [our] own institutions stand upon the broadest principles of Civil Liberty; and, believing these principles and the fundamental laws in which they are embodied to be eminently favourable to the prosperity of States—to be, in fact, the *only* principles of Government which meet the demands of the present enlightened age—the President has perceived, with great satisfaction, that, in the Constitution recently introduced into the Austrian Empire, many of these great principles are recognised and applied, and he cherishes a sincere wish that they may produce the same happy effects throughout his Austrian Majesty's extensive dominions that they have done in the United States."

The wish thus uttered seems in part to have been already realized; the Reforms so nobly initiated in 1848, so deplorably arrested in 1849, are again resuming their triumphal march. Even Francis Joseph realizes that his Empire can only survive the storms now impending by identifying itself with the welfare of the People.

—Is it not a melancholy truth, that while the rotten and crumbling despotisms of the Old World are gradually recognising and affirming the Right of Personal Liberty, this boastful Republic should, alone among Nations, be doing its utmost to extend as well as perpetuate that grossest form of Slavery which consigns man to the auction-block and sends women and children to the whipping-post, for no fault but a refusal to work for nothing? While despotisms (because they must, we grant you) are unfettering the down-trodden Millions, do we hear of any but Republican Patriots who sigh for Alabama plantations worked by well-flogged negroes? Is the world irrevocably at cross-purposes? Must we spare our Pierce and Douglas to Austria, to show her how to rule Imperially, and bring over Metternich and Ficquelmont to teach our Statesmen the spirit of the age and the requirements of Humanity?—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

The Nebraska Villany has had the incidental advantage of putting Congress to the only useful purpose of which it seems to be capable—making an Anti-Slavery Debating Society of it. Excellent speeches, in the main, have been made by Messrs. Chase, Seward, Sumner and others, which can hardly fail to have a useful effect on the mind and thought of the country. Still, they are not free from blemishes, which are hardly separable from the most eloquent speeches made with the gag of the Constitution in the mouth of the orators. The most graceful and athletic of men cannot dance altogether well in fetters. For instance, we utterly protest against Mr. Sumner's doctrine that "the Slavery Question will be settled" and that "it will no longer enter with distracting force into the National politics, making and unmaking laws and Presidents," after it has been removed from the sphere of National legislation. As Mr. Sumner claims for the Movement against Slavery with which he is connected, that "it is not contrary to the Constitution, for it recognises the paramount law, and in the administration of the Government, invokes the spirit of the founders," we conceive that he does not propose to abolish the three-fifths basis or the rendition of fugitive slaves in the way, whatever it was, that "the founders" had in their mind; nor, yet, the right of the South to call on the General Government to put down their servile wars. How futile is it, then, to talk of tranquillity being established and Slavery being removed from the field of National politics, by its prohibition in the territories and its abolition in the District! Why should not the Slaveholders continue to make our laws and our Presidents? They have the same power as ever, and the same temptations to exercise it. And Mr. Sumner trusts the North and the South, amidst all differences of opinion, "will ever have a heart and a hand for each other." Unquestionably, they will. The same heart and hand they have ever had. The hand of service and the heart of submission on the part of the one, and the hand of chastisement and the heart of despotic contempt on the part of the other. This glorious Union looks fair for a long duration.

And we must say that we think it was rather cool in Mr. Seward to ask the Slaveholders whether "they see any signs that we (of the North) are becoming indifferent to freedom?" adding, "on the contrary, that old, traditional, hereditary sentiment of the North, is more profound and more universal than it ever was before!" If this be true, alas, for the good old times! Verily, let no man say that they were better than these. But we think the Slaveholders read the Signs of the Times better than Mr. Seward. When they see the chiefest lawyers, merchants and capitalists, of New York, organizing themselves into a negro-catching Committee, and fugitive slaves marched down Broadway as living witnesses of their fidelity; when they see the City of Boston turned into a Den of Thieves, and impudent kidnappers bearding the very Senate of the Bay State; when they see their Slaves caught by the score in the Quaker State of Pennsylvania; when the Sabbath air came to their ears loaded with apostolic exhortations from nearly all the pulpits of the North, to be faithful unto the end in catching negroes—for this was the Whole Duty of Man; and when they saw both parties, by their representative bodies at Baltimore, vying with each other in the fervour of their protestations of loyalty to Slavery; in the presence of all these things, we really think the Slaveholders will not be much dismayed at Mr. Seward's appeals. As in John Randolph's time, they reckon upon Northern politicians with as much certainty as they do upon their negroes. They have done them Yeoman's service, and will again, when the dispensation of the public plunder comes round again.

But we did not intend to dwell as long as we have on the inventions of men as to this matter; but rather to the part assigned to God and his Providence by devout orators. Mr. Sumner, at the conclusion of his Speech says:

Believing in the sure prevalence of Almighty Truth, I confidently look forward to the good time when both will unite, according to the sentiments of the fathers and the true spirit of the Constitution, in declaring Freedom and not Slavery *national*, while Slavery and not Freedom shall be *sectional*. Then will be achieved that Union, contemplated at the beginning, against which the storms of faction and the assaults of foreign power shall beat in vain, as upon the Rock of Ages; and LIBERTY, *seeking a firm foothold, will have at last* WHEREON TO STAND AND MOVE THE WORLD.

That is to say, that a Union which recognises Slavery so far as to make a treaty stipulation for the return of fugitive slaves, to be executed in some way or other, an essential part of itself; which protects Slavery against the Slave's Right of Revolution, by pledging the whole force of the Government to put it down; and which clothes the Slave-master with peculiar privilege and extraordinary power in virtue of his man-ownership; that such a Union is the foothold to be furnished by the prevalence of Almighty Truth, whereon Liberty is to stand and move the world! Under Mr. Sumner's favour, we cannot think so humbly of Almighty Truth that it can have anything to do with such an instrument, except to dash it in pieces, even if it should ever receive the repairs and restorations he desires and its mischiefs be confined within the bounds he thinks the inventors meant should contain them. Mr. Seward, too, is devoutly disposed as his speech grows to an end. He says:

"Man proposes and God disposes." You may legislate, and abrogate, and abnegate, as you will; but there is a superior power that overrules all your actions, and all your refusals to act; and, I fondly hope and trust, overrules them to the advancement of the happiness, greatness, and glory of our country—that overrules, I know, not only all your actions, and all your refusals to act, but all human events, to the distant, but inevitable result of the equal and universal liberty of all men.

Now there is certainly a sense in which all believers in Divine Providence, which in the end educes good out of evil, will accept these sort of aspirations. They will agree that the great and good revolutions in human affairs will go on, let who will lay their ineffectual fingers on the great wheel that carries them forward. They believe, as Erskine said, in 1797, of Parliamentary Reform, that "there is an arm fighting against the oppressors of Freedom, stronger than any arm of flesh, and that the great progressions of the world, in spite of the confederacies of power and the conspiracies of corruption, move on with a steady pace, and arrive in the end at a happy and glorious consummation." But they know, too, that these advancements are always very slow, and that they often crush dynasties and polities into dust before their chariot-wheels. It is beyond question true, as will be admitted by all who admit the existence of a Superintending Power, higher than Man, or who believe that the natural tendency of Man is towards the highest condition of which he is capable, it is certain that Slavery will come to an end at some time and in some way. But it is by no means certain that it can or will be done except through great tribulation and much upturning and many overturnings. What is there in the character of this American Nation that they should be the especial charge of the Most High? Is it that we have extirpated the races he had planted here at first, with fire-water and the sword? Is it that we consented to let England (as we say) force negro Slavery upon us? Is it that we organized into our Institutions this one which denies all knowledge of God and of what we profess to believe to be truths essential to Salvation to one-sixth of His children? Is it that we have promoted this System by blood and this fraud to the utmost of our power, and spread it where it did not exist, and still sigh for new worlds for its fatal victories? Are those things such as should recommend us to the especial favour of a God of Justice and love? And yet, to judge from the words of priests and politicians, we are His chosen people, on whom depend all the hopes of mankind! If we be such, it must be as old South said the Jews were—"a cross, odd, untoward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen and (as the Prophets sometimes phrase it) to have *espoused* unto himself, upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe, only for her extreme ill-conditions, above all that he could find of that sex; and so the fittest argument both to exercise and declare his admirable patience to the world."

In the highest religious faith, indeed, it may be said that God will bring Freedom out of Slavery in this country; but who can say that we deserve any divine interposition to save us from the natural retributions of our crimes? It must be through punishment that this great act of Repentance is to be brought about, if at all. We have no right to expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. Nor is there any reason to hope a very speedy deliverance from the body of this death. A thousand years are as a day in the history of the race. And it may be a long and a dark day that we shall have to live through to see this great deliverance. Suppose a hopeful prophet in the reign of Henry VIII. had predicted the ultimate triumph of civil and religious liberty there, on the ground of Almighty Truth and Divine Providence. It would have been a true prophecy; but how slow of fulfilment! What changes! what persecutions! what Revolutions!—Charles brought to the block, James driven into exile, the Stuarts finally dethroned! What changes of dynasties, of the very constitutions of the government, and by what slow generations achieved! And the work not yet finished. And in France, in the last century, had a seer foretold that she should have a free government, he would have told the truth. For she will. But where is it? Louis XVI. guillotined, Napoleon risen and fallen, the Bourbons restored and twice driven into exile, the Republic essayed, and now the son of Hortense on the throne! So of the reform of all abuses everywhere. It will come; but when and how? Are the nations of the elder continent so much greater sinners than we that the tower of Siloam has fallen upon them? Nay, verily. It alike totters over our heads. There will be no Divine interposition to save us. We, or our posterity, may see the day when this country shall be what its flatterers say it is. But revolutions, wars, insurrections, bloodshed, barbarism, misrule, greater than we have ever yet known, may come first—must come first, unless averted by a Repentance and a Forsaking of our Evil Ways, of which the present posture of the nation gives but little hope.—E. Q.

The Germans for Freedom.—It is a cheering sign of the times that the German population of the country, though naturally inclined to act with the Democratic party, utterly refuse to acquiesce in the Nebraska fraud. At Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and other places, meetings of this class have been held, at which Mr. Douglas and his confederates were spoken of in terms of just indignation. In this city, recently, an effort was made by certain unscrupulous agents of the Administration to procure from our German citizens an endorsement of the plot for the further extension of Slavery, but it utterly failed; and now we have the pleasure of stating that an immense mass meeting was held by them on Friday evening, the 3d inst., to utter their emphatic protest against the nefarious scheme. The utmost enthusiasm was exhibited, and the speeches and resolutions were full of the fire of liberty. Persons who were present assure us, that the meeting, in point of numbers, the respectability of those who took part in it, and the dignity of its proceedings, formed a striking contrast with ordinary German political assemblages.

CLOSE OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

Ralph Waldo Emerson gave, on Tuesday evening, at the Tabernacle, the thirteenth and last of the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course of Lectures for 1854—"the most memorable Course of Lectures," says the *Tribune*, "yet delivered in our City." Mr. Emerson's subject was identical with the day—"*The Seventh of March*"—the day which will be forever memorable in the calendar as that on which Daniel Webster, in the U. S. Senate, startled the whole land and shocked the moral sense of the North by a proclamation of his treachery to Freedom. Of the lecture we will only say, now, that it was a manly and noble assertion of the Law of Eternal Right, and of the duty of scholars and leading men of every class to abide by it under all possible circumstances. Mr. Webster's noble and ignoble qualities were impartially reviewed, and the great crime and political blunder by which he lost his life traced to its source in the lack of that MORAL STAMINA without which the mind of man, like a ship without a rudder, floats at the mercy of the winds and waves in the ocean of life, and surges insanely upon the rocks that lie concealed in the crooked channels and shallow eddies of Expediency and Compromise. The audience was very large, filling every available seat above and below and crowding the aisles with eager listeners. Next week we shall probably publish a pretty full report of the Lecture.

The Secretary of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, before introducing the speaker, took occasion, on its behalf and by request of its Executive Committee, to thank those who, by their constant or occasional attendance, had given that support to the lectures without which they must have proved a failure. They had been undertaken not without some misgivings. It was known that other courses of lectures, having all the advantages of a variety of topics and the aid of eminent and popular men, had been far from successful. This course was to be confined to a single topic, and that the one whose discussion was discountenanced and frowned upon by the men whose influence in a great commercial city like New York is almost omnipotent. But the Society determined to make a bold experiment, and now they were able to congratulate the audience and the friends of freedom throughout the country upon their entire success. Those who had instituted the lectures belonged to the most radical wing of the Anti-Slavery Army, but they had sought a hearing not alone for those whose opinions were identical with their own, but for the representatives of other phases of Anti-Slavery opinion. They proposed to pursue the same liberal course in coming years, and to make this system of Anti-Slavery Lecturing one of the "peculiar institutions" of New York, to be continued as long as such an instrumentality should be found necessary for the proclamation and defence of the great principles of Liberty and Humanity. This announcement was received with the heartiest applause.

At the close of the lectures, the following resolutions, prepared, we are told, by a gentleman not belonging to the Society, were read by James S. Gibbons, Esq., and adopted by a unanimous and emphatic aye:

Resolved, That the thanks of the audience are due, and are hereby tendered, to the New York Anti-Slavery Society, for the highly interesting and instructive lectures now concluded under its auspices; and that we hear with pleasure the announcement that a similar series will begin with the opening of the next lecture season.

Resolved, that we regard the popular attendance of these lectures, and the manifest interest they have excited in the public mind, as furnishing the most gratifying evidence of the growth of a sound and wholesome sentiment on the great question of human freedom, and that the treachery of unprincipled politicans in our National Congress, so far from quieting agitation on the subject, will serve to give new vigour to the efforts of the country's best friends, the enemies of American Slavery.

The audience seemed reluctant to leave the house, and there were cries on every side for "Greeley," "Greeley." Mr. G. at first attempted to silence the demands of his friends by getting out of their sight, but, failing in this, he at last came forward and uttered a few appropriate words, which were received with hearty cheers, whereupon the crowd slowly retired.

THE WESLEYAN CHURCH.

In the *Standard* of February 25, we copied and commented upon a paragraph from the *Wesleyan*, wherein the editor of that paper spoke of a visit which he had recently made at the house of Seth Sprague, formerly of Duxbury, Mass., now of Boston, and stated that he (Mr. S.) had subscribed his full share to an important fund for the benefit of the Wesleyan Church. We spoke of Mr. Sprague as a "degenerate son of a noble-sire" (his father having been an Abolitionist without any taint of compromise upon his spirit), and alluded to the fact that he was selected as the mouth-piece of Mr. Webster's supporters in the Old Colony to welcome that traitor to their midst after his betrayal of the North and of Freedom by volunteering his support to the Fugitive Slave bill. That such a man was in good standing in the Wesleyan Church we considered not at all creditable to its Anti-Slavery professions. The *Wesleyan*, in its issue of March 2d, copies most of what we said, and comments thereon as follows:

We admire even the profession of purity. We covet freedom from all taint of sin. But in our table of offences there are sins beside the one of oppression, which should be avoided with jealous care. They need not be named, but may be inferred.

Mr. Webster's neighbours, of all parties, did welcome him home, after his defeat as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Our friend was the mouth-piece of that welcome, as a neighbour. Neither the Fugitive Law nor Mr. Webster's speech were named or approved on that occasion. All political issues were ignored, because it was not a partisan movement. Mr. Webster himself avoided politics and talked as to neighbours only. Our friend did not approve the 7th of March speech, nor the Fugitive Slave Law. From this statement a proper estimate of the reliableness of the above quotation from the *Standard* may be determined by our readers. It is not correct in its statements, nor just in its inferences.

How the editor of the *Wesleyan*, whose impulses are all toward a manly frankness and straight-forward honesty in discussion, could reconcile it to his conscience to write this, is to us an enigma that we can explain but in one way, viz.: by supposing that sectarian interest and necessity has, in this instance, beclouded his moral sense. "It is not good," we must be permitted to remind him, "to have respect of persons in judgment."

The attempt to excuse Mr. Sprague for consenting to be Mr. Webster's eulogist under the circumstances alluded to, upon the ground that "all political issues were ignored," is, to use the mildest term that the case will admit of, extremely disingenuous. Only consider the facts. Mr Webster had betrayed the cause of freedom under circumstances which made his crime one of the very blackest to be found in the annals of political profligacy. He had given to the Fugitive Slave bill all his great influence, without which that infernal statute could never have been enacted. He had travelled through the country making speeches (often in a disgusting state of inebriety), in which, with brazen effrontery, he exhorted the people to turn slave-catchers, and threatened them with prosecutions for treason if they dared to obey the simplest commands of God. As the head of Fillmore's Cabinet (for the President was only a nose of wax under his Satanic manipulations), he sought to revive the exploded and infamous doctrine of "constructive treason," and urged on his minions to persecute and, if possible, to convict and hang, the heroes of Christiana. All this he had done to pave his way to the Presidential chair, and had miserably failed of his object. His partisans in Massachusetts, determined to brave the Christian sentiment of the North, resolved on his return to the Old Colony, to give him a public glorification and welcome. Previous to his great apostacy, they had thought no such demonstration necessary; but now that he stood before the country the defeated champion of slave-catching, they could not permit him to return to Marshfield without signalizing their own consent to his treachery by a grand ovation! But how to get it up was the question. To confine the demonstration to the Webster Whigs and Hunker Democrats of the Old Colony would not do, for *they* were too few to make a decent show. In these circumstances they hit upon the expedient of giving the affair a neighbourly and non-partisan aspect! Mr

Sprague, a very compliant piece of dough, whose only chance of *rising* depended upon obtaining a supply of Whig yeast, was put forward as their mouth-piece, with the understanding that he should not be required to say anything directly in favour of the Fugitive Slave bill, but only to eulogize the great traitor in general terms for his wisdom and statesmanship; as if such a eulogy, at such a time, *could* be made to mean anything short of an endorsement of his then recent course! Complicity with Mr. Webster in his villainy, or a hearty approval thereof, was the only excuse worthy of being offered for becoming his eulogist under such circumstances. Bad as that excuse would have been, it was every way more decent than that which the *Wesleyan* offers for Mr. Sprague. If his disapproval of the 7th of March speech and of the Fugitive Slave bill had been any more than skin-deep—if he had been an Abolitionist according to the principles of the Wesleyan Church—nay, if he had been anything but a heartless political trimmer, he could never have consented to be the mouth-piece and tool of Mr. Webster's partisans on that occasion. A genuine Abolitionist would have died a hundred deaths before he would have consented to utter the words that fell from Mr. Sprague's lips on that occasion. The editor of the *Wesleyan* ought not to trifle with himself and his readers by offering an apology for conduct so utterly unjustifiable and shameless. The march of a body of Methodist ministers into Faneuil Hall to honour Mr. Webster was not one whit more disgraceful, nor less capable of defence on Christian principles, than Mr. Sprague's panegyric of the same great Apostate.

MEMORIAL OF (HICKSITE) FRIENDS.

The (Hicksite) Friends embraced in the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have sent to Washington the following Memorial. The New York Yearly Meeting, always formost in the work of intolerance and bigotry (such as the disownment of Isaac T. Hopper, for instance), is sure to be last in any work of philanthropy, even if it undertakes such work at all. The very stones are before it in crying out against popular wickedness.

TO THE PRESIDENT, SENATE, AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES. *The Memorial of the Representative Committee of the Religious Society of Friends of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and adjacent parts of Maryland, respectfully represents*—

That it has been long and well known that the principles of this Religious Society are directly opposed to the practice of enslaving our fellow men.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we perceive the efforts that are now being made to permit or extend Slavery over portions of the national domain where it does not now exist, to fortify the institution by legislative enactments, and thus retard the period when our country might happily be redeemed from this wide-spread evil.

The bill now before Congress for the establishment of the Territorial Governments of Nebraska and Kansas, with a provision that when any portion of said Territories shall apply to be received as a State into the Union, it shall be admitted with the institution of Slavery, if the inhabitants thereof desire it, we believe would greatly increase the difficulties by which this subject is already embarrassed.

We are lovers of Peace. We believe that its blessings will be best secured to our country by laws founded in justice.

We do not appeal to the force of human passions to resist this or any other evil. We wish to appeal to the sober and dispassionate judgment of men, and especially to those to whom legislative authority has been intrusted, calmly to consider whether an evil of such magnitude should not be checked rather than encouraged.

There was a period when members of our religious society held slaves, and the removal of the practice from among us was a labour of Christian love and forbearance. We trust it is in the same spirit that we now seek to arrest your attention, and ask you to withhold your sanction from any law tending to extend or perpetuate this great national evil

It is on the ground of religious conviction that we make this appeal, believing it must be evident to every reflecting mind that the mission of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, and the revelation of His spirit in the soul of man, clearly demonstrates that, to know His salvation, we must obey His teachings, among the most prominent of which stands the admonition: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

When we look abroad over the earth, and behold the wretchedness and suffering resulting from oppression, we are made solemnly to feel the force of the words of Thomas Jefferson, when he declared in reference to Slavery: "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just; that His justice will not sleep forever." We therefore deprecate any legislation that will extend the area of oppression, and may tend to blight the hopes of the friends of Liberty throughout the world.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee.

WILLIAM DORSEY, Clerk.

Philadelphia, 2d Month 17, 1854.

— Since writing what is said above in relation to the (Hicksite) Friends of New York, a friend has called our attention to the following paragraph from the *Sunday Dispatch*—one of the most unscrupulous presses in this city—wherein the Orthodox Friends are set down as spurious Quakers for having sent to the Legislature a petition for a Prohibitory Liquor Law, while the other branch of the Society is complimented as the only "Simon Pure" representative of George Fox and William Penn in this city, all because it does not "meddle" with the honourable business of grog-selling! Read:

PETITION.—Some persons who worship in a meeting-house in Orchard street, who were formerly members of the Society of Friends, have addressed a petition to the Legislature in favour of the Maine Law. This has led some to suppose that the Quakers have been meddling in the matter. Such, however, is not the case, as the petitioners voluntarily left the Society of Friends some years ago. The most zealous of them have become members of other religious denominations, and the remainder have retained little more of Quakerism than the peculiar dress which heretofore distinguished the followers of William Penn and George Fox from other professing Christians.

When the venerated Isaac T. Hopper was under dealing in this city for being an Abolitionist, in 1841, one of the Committee that was sent by the Monthly Meeting to rebuke him for his sin (!) was currently reported to be in the practice of letting tenements to be used for grog-shops, and even for worse purposes! That man was and still is a preacher in the Society, and it is not unlikely that he, or some other *Friend* of kindred principles, gave the editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* the information embodied in the foregoing paragraph, and which was intended to relieve *genuine* Quakers from all suspicion of being in favour of "meddling" with the liquor traffic! There are some members of the body usually called Hicksite who will blush at finding themselves praised in such a quarter; to whom, indeed, such a compliment will seem as loathsome as the touch of a leper. The only comfort that we are able to give to such is to remind them that this is what they get by being caught in bad company!

MR. HEMMING AND MR. CHESSON.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Frederick W. Chesson, in reply to a brief article which appeared in this paper early in December last. It is an explanation of certain events which have transpired recently in Manchester, and in which many of our readers will feel a strong interest. Further we feel that it needs no comment, as it explains its own purpose; but in connection with it it is proper that we should copy also the following official letter which appeared in a late No. of the (London) *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. A perusal of the two documents will say for us all that we need upon the subject of our article of Dec. 3, and will, we trust, satisfy all parties of our desire to be just to all:

27 NEW BROAD STREET, London,
28th December, 1853.

To the Honorary Secretaries of the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union.

GENTLEMEN—My attention has been directed to a paragraph in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* of the 3d inst., published in New York, stating, on the authority of the *Anti-Slavery Watchman*, that "the Rev. F. Hemming, an agent of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*, had been lecturing in Manchester, and is actively prosecuting his labours in other parts of the country, with a view to raise £4000, with which the above Society proposes prosecuting a general Anti-Slavery mission in the Free States."

I had seen the above statement in the *Anti-Slavery Watchman*, but was not then in possession of any information bearing on the subject. Being aware, however, that it was under representations to the above effect that Mr. Hemming induced a few gentlemen to constitute the *Manchester Anti-Slavery Union*, I feel it to be my duty to inform you, on the authority of information quite recently received from the Corresponding Secretary of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*, that the Executive Committee did not authorise Mr. Hemming to institute any such enterprise; on the contrary, the Executive Committee repudiate the scheme which Mr. Hemming has set on foot; and though they would be glad to receive voluntary donations from British Abolitionists, they did not contemplate making a public appeal for funds, nor authorize Mr. Hemming to organize a movement for their special benefit. The object of Mr. Hemming's visit to this country was of a personal nature; but the Executive Committee of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* gave him permission to make, if he thought proper, a private appeal to his own religious denomination, in aid of an Anti Slavery mission in the Free States, which is being prosecuted by a Missionary Association established by the gentlemen who constitute the executive of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*.

As the *Manchester Anti-Slavery Union* has, by its constitution, the right to take independent action on particular subjects, and as I am informed that the Committee have recently appointed Mr. Hemming as the Society's Agent for three months, I feel it imperative upon me to communicate these facts to you, lest the Committee should, under an erroneous impression, set on foot, as one of its special objects, the enterprise for which, under the representations of Mr. Hemming, the *Manchester Union* was originated.

You will be good enough to submit this communication to your Committee, at the earliest opportunity, and to make it known to the individual members of which it is composed.

I am, Gentlemen, your's very truly,
L. A. CHAMEROVZOW, *Secretary*.

JOHN MITCHEL AND JAMES HAUGHTON.

A NUMBER of the (Dublin) *Nation*, which we received by the last steamer, contains a letter from James Haughton in reply to the attack made upon him by John Mitchel. We hasten to transfer it to our columns, and trust that some at least of those papers who credited Mr. Mitchel's charges against Mr. Haughton, though they saw in its true light his famous and infamous aspirations for a plantation and a gang of slaves, will be so just as to give publicity to this reply:

JOHN MITCHEL AND JAMES HAUGHTON.

"We are not Abolitionists—no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion. 'By your silence, says Mr. Haughton,' you will become a participator in their wrongs.' But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and, as for being a participator in the wrongs, we, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama. There now—is Mr. Haughton content? What right has he to call upon Mr. Mitchel, the moment he sets his foot on America, to begin a crusade for a cause, which, as Mr. Haughton knows, was always distasteful to him in Ireland? Are we a Jonah, that we should do this thing—that we should take up (whether we will or not) Mr. Haughton's outcery against Nineveh, that great city? Have we escaped out of the whale's belly for this?

"Mr. Haughton is a good sort of man, though a monomaniac. Why will he persist in making himself an object of terror to his acquaintances? Will he compel his friends to wish that some monster in human form had plundered his cradle when he was a baby?"—*The Citizen, New York, John Mitchel, Proprietor.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

DEAR SIR: One of the Irish Exiles has replied to my words of solemn remonstrance. The above-named has done so, and set principle at defiance. In his paper he has published to the world his apostacy. In bold and defiant words he has proclaimed that it is just and honourable—lawful in the sight of God and man—to hold men and women as slaves; to buy them, and sell them, and to extract labour from them by the terror of the lash. In a word, he declares that Slavery, as it exists in the United States of America, is an institution undeserving of any censure.

This astounding doctrine is put forth by this champion of human freedom! in words about which there can be no cavil. The language is unmistakable. No blush of shame mantled the cheek of the writer as he put down, in black and white, the creed which places him in the position of an outcast in the civilized world.

It is some satisfaction for us to know that we cannot be utterly ruined in the estimation of honest men who may differ from us very widely on questions of right and wrong, so long as they feel assured that we are governed by our conscientious convictions; but the moment we deviate from that line of rectitude which was our acknowledged principle of action, and, in doing so, trample under our feet those principles of right and justice for which we had been contending, from that moment we deservedly sink in the estimation of all right-minded men.

Mr. Mitchel has placed himself in this miserable position; and ere long, he will find, to his sorrow, that he has miscalculated the feelings of mankind. Henceforward, his name will be held in scorn; and as he has bowed himself down before the foulest idol ever worshipped upon earth, he will early learn, with dismay, that his sacrifice is rejected with contempt, and that the demon he has sought to conciliate will spit upon him and reject his fellowship.

He says, by way of excuse for his present course, that I knew my Anti-Slavery opinions "were always distasteful to him in Ireland." This is not true—I always believed the contrary, although I was well aware he did not entertain my strong sentiments on the subject; still I believed him to be an honest and true Anti-Slavery man, a real friend of universal liberty.

This noisy champion of freedom in Ireland, and who professed to glory in its extension in every land; this man, who stirred the embers of rebellion against haughty England, because she refused to the Irish people the right to manage their own affairs; to stand on American soil, and declare that Slavery is a holy institution—the hypocrisy is monstrous; and the degenerate Irishman will soon find his reward, in the utter contempt of all men, even of slaveholders; who, with all their faults, are too high-minded to keep companionship with a man so self-degraded.

There is not a native-born American citizen, I verily believe, capable of giving utterance to such language in favour of their "peculiar institutions"—as this proprietor of the *Citizen* has unblushingly put forward. I feel for my country's degradation in the person of this man, who has stood prominently before the world, as the guardian of the rights of man. I believed him to be sincere; I thought he was "as true as steel," but he has been found wanting; and as the penalty of his apostacy, his name will henceforward be held in dishonour.

It will be perceived that, in the reply of Mr. Mitchel to my remonstrance, he avoids the true issue between us; and, like a man deprived of his reasoning powers, he seeks to cover his own guilt, in attempt to blacken my character. Suppose I am the bad Irishman and the wretched Shylock he has chosen to depict me, what has that to do with the question? I may be as despicable a creature as he has described me, in that article in his paper, which will stand forever as the legible evidence of his own faithlessness to duty; what is that to the purpose? Does my guilt prove his innocence? Miserable man that you are, how dare you resort to so base a subterfuge, as a defence of your crime against humanity?

You strive to convey the idea that I am a man indifferent to the miseries of my own countrymen; that I am a hypocrite, desirous to gain popularity by expending my sympathies on subjects of oppression at a distance. "If the gods did not deprive of reason those whom they meant to destroy," you would have seen the folly of such an argument in the fact that, so long as I considered you a true-hearted man, I laboured with you for our country's good. I was one of the Council of which you were a member; and if I was not respected by you, you stand self-condemned, as you expressed regret when I quitted your councils. Why did I retire from that Council? Not, as you well know, because I felt no sympathy with my wronged fellow-countrymen, but because I am a man of peace; I objected to steep the land in blood; I thought moral means would secure the object we had in view, and that a resort to violence must defeat our purpose. I did oppose your violent councils, but I respected you, because I believed you to be a true lover of liberty, without respect to creed or colour. I also differed with the council on another point—that was, the propriety of receiving sympathy and pecuniary aid from slaveholders. I considered our doing so inconsistent with our professions in favour of freedom. The Council did not agree with me on these two cardinal points, so I retired. In no instance, I am bold to say, was there ever an expression of opinion opposed to the rights of man of every clime and colour, or of approval of those who made merchandise of their fellow-creatures.

Until within the last week, no man uttered a word in disparagement of John Mitchel in my presence (and many were the invectives I have had to withstand), that I did not step forward as the defender of his integrity. Deeply, indeed, do I sorrow, that he has forced me into the ranks of those who have insisted that he was a mere selfish demagogue.

Again, this miserable reasoner has fallen into another error, in his attempt to shield himself by maligning a man whom he yet designates as "a worthy and sincere man, but an amiable monomaniac." He finds fault with me for being a Political Economist; in other words, he would bespatter me, because I am a seeker after God's laws, and that I try to follow them, when I think they are revealed to me.

I believe free trade in food is best, even in seasons of scarcity; and in this opinion the wisest men, and deepest thinkers in the world, are on my side. I do not condemn as criminals, and hold up to the rage of ignorant and misguided men, those who maintain the contrary doctrine. My course with opponents, who are also honest seekers after truth, is, to reason them out of their errors, or to yield to their arguments, if I be wrong. Mr. Mitchel, without casting a ray of light over his untenable views for restriction, would lessen me, by an appeal to passion, in the estimation of my countrymen, in whose service I have spent a large portion of my life—not in pandering to the prejudices, but in endeavours to increase and to strengthen their self-respect.

My accuser says, that in a season of scarcity I "stored up corn, hoarded it like gold, always hoping the market would come to the dearest, until it rotted in the store, and was thrown at last into the river Liffey."

This is a pure fabrication, and no person knows better that it is false than the proprietor of the *Citizen*; for it is the emanation of his own disordered brain. It is founded on an accusation which was really made against me, I believe, for purely party purposes, but the folly of which was its own sufficient refutation. It was said, during the Irish famine, that our house held a large quantity of American flour, and that we threw a considerable portion of it into the river, in order to enhance the value of the remainder.

Such is the wretched story upon which this man, with whom I cordially acted so long as my judgment told me he was right, and whom I have never offended, save by imploring him to be an honest and true man, and to do honour to Ireland in the land of the stranger, has trumped up a charge against me which, if true, would justly entail upon me the contempt of all honest men.

My countrymen, we have long been looked upon as an unstable people, as a race not to be trusted, having just views of right and wrong, but little firmness of principle to rule our actions. Our leading politicians have too frequently justified these imputations on our national character and in no instance in our history more flagrantly than in the case under consideration. His name cannot be forgotten, as it deserves to be, because it is identified with our history, upon the page of which it will be a blot forever. But, let us take warning, and redeem lost time, by being honest and consistent men ourselves, and by visiting with unsparing reprehension every departure from principle on the part of our public men.

I am deeply grieved, my dear sir, to be obliged to trespass on your kindness, by asking you to give a place to this letter in the *Nation*. I hope it is the last occasion on which I shall have to ask you to allow me to hold up in your columns, to public reprobation, any act of flagrant dereliction from principles, on the part of Irishmen. America has been the grave of much noble Irish feeling.

I hope Mr. Meagher will soon reply to my letter himself, and repudiate all participation in the dehumanizing and God-dishonouring sentiments of Mr. Mitchel.

I remain, very truly, yours,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

P. S.—I hope Editors who have published Mr. Mitchel's calumnies will give their readers my refutation of them. J. H.

35 Eccles street, 6th February, 1854.

THE NEBRASKA QUESTION.

THE Senate has passed the Nebraska Swindle, as everybody expected it would. The circumstances attending the final struggle are described in another part of this sheet. They need no comment from us, and we leave them to be pondered by our readers.

The bill has not yet reached the House, and it is understood to be the policy of the conspirators to keep it back until after the New Hampshire Election, which occurs on Tuesday next. Action upon it at an earlier day, it is feared, might endanger the success of the sham Democracy. That it is destined to go through and receive the Presidential signature we see no reason to doubt.

PRIZE ESSAYS UPON TOBACCO.—Some time since, a philanthropic gentleman of New York offered a premium of $100 for the best tract that might be presented, showing the pernicious effects of tobacco upon the human constitution. Among the numerous manuscripts offered were three of such equal merit that the examining committee concluded to divide the premium between their authors; giving $50 to the writer of the best, $30 to the writer of the next best, and $25 to the third. These essays were so unlike each other in their treatment of the subject, and each so good in its way, that it was thought best to publish them all; and accordingly, they have been issued, by Fowlers & Wells, in three separate tracts, bearing the following titles:

1. TOBACCO: its History, Nature and Effects, with Facts and Figures for Tobacco-users. By R. T. TRALL, M.D.
2. TOBACCO DISEASES: with a Remedy for the Habit. By JOEL SHEW, M.D.
3. EVILS OF TOBACCO, as they affect Body, Mind and Morals. By Rev. DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Between three authors, each so well qualified for the task, the subject could not well be treated otherwise than ably and thoroughly. No one, however wedded to the use of tobacco in any of the forms in which it is imbibed, can read either of these essays without being convinced that he is outraging the laws of health and life, nor, unless his sensibilities are utterly benumbed, without being made conscious that he is indulging a habit as incompatible with mental and moral purity as it is with bodily cleanliness. The evils of tobacco-using force themselves upon our observation on every side, and they cannot be described without employing words and images that must sicken and disgust any one whose nerves are not as wiry and impervious as those of a cannibal. In this city a man can hardly step into the street without having his face filled with narcotized vapour, issuing from the mouth of some smoking biped. If he stops to look at a beautiful picture in a shop window, he finds a genteel loafer, on the windward side, puffing the smoke full in his face, totally unconscious that he is thus committing a breach of propriety and decency that makes his presence a nuisance. If he goes to the post-office window for his letters, he is compelled to inhale an atmosphere revolting to every healthful instinct, and from which he is glad to escape by encountering any peril short of torn garments and broken bones. The habit of smoking, chewing or snuffing, when once acquired, is as difficult to break as that of imbibing intoxicating liquors. We must seek to preserve young men from falling into a habit so pernicious, and to this end tracts exposing the evil effects of tobacco-using ought to be widely disseminated. No deed of charity would probably do more to bless the rising generation than that which should put a copy of one or all of these essays into the hands of every American boy. They cost but a trifle. Let the friends of health and purity give them a wide circulation.

NARROW ESCAPE.—We learn from the Indianapolis (Ia.) *Free Democrat* that Hon. George W. Julian was assaulted, and his life endangered, in the Court-house at Centreville, on the 25th ult. He was engaged as counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and Michael Wilson, Esq., for the defendant. Mr. Julian had made a motion to have the answer filed by Mr. Wilson set aside, on the ground that it was intended merely for delay, counsel having admitted that it was so intended, and he made affidavit that such was the fact. Mr. Wilson replying that the affidavit was untrue, Mr. Julian, who was standing near Mr. W., turned round to him and laid the back of his hand gently against Mr. Wilson, cautioning him to "weigh well his words," repeating it once or twice in a mild voice. Mr. Wilson then struck Mr. Julian with a knife which he had concealed in his hand, aiming it directly at his throat, and inflicted a wound nearly three inches in length. Fortunately the wound proves not to be dangerous, but it was truly a hair-breadth escape. The physicians who dressed the wound say that a variation of an eighth of an inch either way would, in all probability, have proved fatal.

Mr. Wilson was immediately taken into custody, but was set at liberty on giving bail in the sum of $2,000, and the further investigation of the matter deferred.

FIRE.—An extensive fire occurred on Sunday morning in Spruce street, by which four buildings and a large amount of property were destroyed. The *Independent* newspaper office was burned, and a portion of its mail books were lost. The publisher has sent a notice to the post-masters of those places whose lists of subscribers have been lost, asking their aid in securing the information by which alone the loss can be supplied. The *Independent* recently incurred a heavy expenditure by an enlargement, but it will bear this calamity bravely.

VALUABLE PAMPHLET.—J. S. Redfield (110 and 112 Nassau street) has just issued a pamphlet, embracing a history of the Missouri Compromise; Daniel Webster's Boston Memorial of 1819; History of the Annexation of Texas; the Organization of Oregon Territory; Sketch of the Compromises of 1850; Douglas's Nebraska Report and Bill, and the Speeches thereon of Messrs. Douglas, Chase, Truman Smith, Everett, Wade, Badger, Seward and Sumner. The retail price is only 25 cents. A copy of it should be placed in every family in the Free States.

THE Senate of New York passed to its third reading, on Tuesday, the bill prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The vote stood 17 to 10; 5 absent.

MR. EVERETT AND THE NEBRASKA BILL.

WE beg leave to state to the public, that to our own knowledge the Hon. Edward Everett was in the Senate Chamber on Saturday morning until 3 1-2 o'clock, and that he was then obliged to leave by illness, and did leave for that cause, and no other, and that he, having not only spoken against the Nebraska bill, but having also voted against the amendment of the Hon. Mr. Douglas, which was a test question, and having been absent on the final votes only for the cause we have mentioned—and having uniformly declared himself before and after those votes as opposed to the bill: We regard him as standing in all respects on the same ground as if he had voted against the bill on its final passage. This statement is made entirely unsolicited by him and from our own convictions of justice.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
TRUMAN SMITH.
SOLOMON FOOT.
HAMILTON FISH.
B. F. WADE.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, Mr. Everett said that he was absent on Saturday morning when the final vote was taken on the Nebraska bill. He was severely indisposed at that time, and, as was well known, his health had not been good for some time. He was on that night over-fatigued, and was unable to remain till the hour when the vote was taken. There could be no doubt as to how he would have voted had he been present. He had opposed the bill in Committee, had opposed the test amendment declaring the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and had expressed his views in opposition to the bill. There could therefore be no doubt but that he would have voted against the bill. He now desired the unanimous consent of the Senate to have his vote recorded against the bill.

With these explanations before it, the *Tribune* says:

"Mr. Everett's failure to vote on the final passage of the Nebraska bill is charitably covered by the certificate of five Senators whom the Country honours as true men, who say he was too sick to remain and vote on Saturday morning, but do not tell us why he failed to vote against the engrossment of the bill at a very seasonable hour on Thursday evening. Have the certifiers anything to offer with respect to his Speech, of which it was telegraphed to the Western Press that 'Mr. Everett made a speech *on* Nebraska to-day;' but, not knowing, the telegrapher could n't say on *which side* he made it. A passage from that speech has been repeatedly paraded by the leading New England advocate of Douglas's bill as proof that Slavery *will* not go into the New Territories under it. Who certifies for this?"

WENDELL PHILLIPS left New York the next morning after his lecture in this city, and, after riding all day in the cars, spoke in the evening, in Providence, to a full house, on the subject of Slavery. The Rhode Island *Freeman* speaks of his address in the highest terms, and say that, although it occupied nearly two hours, the audience thought it too short.

OUR THANKS are hereby tendered to Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. C. Sumner, Hon. S. A. Douglas, Hon. John Wheeler, Hon. W. H. Seward and Hon. J. R. Giddings for various speeches and documents.

LETTER FROM MR. CHESSON.

To the Editor of the National A. S. Standard.

DEAR SIR: A friend has just sent me an extract from your excellent journal containing a Review of the *Anti-Slavery Watchman*, with which publication I am connected. I was somewhat surprised to find myself dubbed a "Reverend;" for, although I have profound respect for the ministry, *when* it preaches the truth, I have never dreamed of ascending the pulpit stairs to promulgate either my own or any one else's theological views, not having experienced "a call" to do so.

This mistake, however, is but of trifling moment. It matters little what a man's profession may be as long as he is true to God, to himself, and to his fellow-men. I am glad that you so cordially approve of the principles and objects of the *Watchman*, and trust, and *know*, that you will never have occasion to raise against it the voice of censure or of condemnation. You express surprise at an announcement which appears in its columns regarding Mr. Hemming's mission. That announcement was inserted merely as an item of news, and did not, I conceive, at all identify me with Mr. Hemming's objects, with which I wish to have as little as possible to do; for, to speak the truth, not in "love," perhaps, but, certainly, with faithfulness, I do not like either that gentleman or his mission. You say: "Is it possible that the Editor of the *Watchman* is ignorant of the fact that the American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society is controlled by a spirit inimical to the liberal principles and practice which that paper so warmly approves? Does it not know that its chief executive officer is a bitter hater of Garrison, and of the American Anti-Slavery Society; that, both at home and abroad, he gives aid and comfort to the bigots who set up the cry of 'infidel,' and that it was mainly through his management that the American Anti-Slavery Society was robbed and divided in 1840?" I do know all these things, although much more clearly now than I did when the first number of the *Watchman* was issued. I am just now rather hurried for time, but I give you, as briefly as possible, the history of my dealings with the Reverend Mr. Hemming, since he favoured this country with his presence. Some months ago, shortly after his arrival, he called upon me, at Newall's Buildings, in this city, with a letter of introduction from an esteemed friend of mine in the United States, who spoke of him as a good Abolitionist, and as such, of course, I received him. In the course of conversation, Mr. Hemming stated that he was authorized by Mr. Lewis Tappan to collect money among the religious bodies, especially among the members of his own denomination. I told him that I was attached to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that I regarded that institution with unbounded admiration and respect, upon which he stated that he was quite *unsectarian* as an Abolitionist, and that he could stand upon the same Anti-Slavery platform with any man, however heterodox his creed might be. He, moreover, declared that the money which he wished to raise would be appropriated to the prosecution of an important movement, which, if carried out, could not fail of accomplishing much good; and he also said that it was the intention of the American and Foreign Society to discontinue the disputes and controversies which had so long fomented discord between them and the American Society. I promised to aid him as far as I consistently could—a promise which I soon had occasion to regret. Shortly afterwards he formed a small Committee to carry out his objects. I became one of its members, apprizing, however, some of the oldest and best friends of the cause of this step which I had taken, and receiving from them in reply the advice not to disassociate myself from the new movement, but to act with "caution." This I resolved to do. Time passed on. At last I received a letter from a quarter from which I scarcely expected such an epistle, in which I was informed that Mr. Hemming's sympathies were *sectarian*—that he was not what I had supposed him to be. The time for decisive action now came. I invited Mr. Hemming to spend an evening with me; sounded him well; came to the conclusion that he was not what at first he seemed to me to be; and on his going to the Potteries the following day, I sent a letter after him, telling him that I could not consistently do any more to aid his mission, and intimating that I did not think that it was right for the opponents of the American Anti-Slavery Society to come over here and try to get the support of its friends in this country. My story is now soon told, although, I dare say, it might easily be spun out to fill a moderate-sized volume; and who knows but that, some day, I may have to give it all, although I trust not, for the sake of your space and your patience? Mr. Hemming still remained the Agent of the Society, at least in name; and, by the advice of my friends, I still continued in it, as it had enlarged its field of operations to the dimensions of a real Anti-Slavery Society, and as it had virtually given up all intention of raising any money for the American and Foreign Society. As you may suppose, I, with others, was very anxious to dispense with the services of Mr. Hemming in an honourable manner; but he assured me that he "intended to stick to the Society." The Inaugural Meeting was, in due time, held, after which the number of the Committee was considerably augmented. "I proposed Dr. Beard, Mr. George Thompson (who is now in Manchester), and other true men, and they were elected. Many others were appointed who, despite their respectability, were totally ignorant of the history of the Anti-Slavery movement. Of the struggle that ensued, I need say but little, as I am going to write a history of it to Mr. Garrison. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Thompson, Dr. Beard, myself, and others, fought hard to prevent the election of Mr. Hemming to the office of Agent, when his case came before the Committee; and although we showed that he was not a man in whom the Anti-Slavery world could have confidence, and proved, from his own lips, that he had raised the cry of "infidelity" against Garrison, he was successful, having a majority of one in his favour, and that majority (if it can thus be designated) being the casting vote of the Chairman! An analysis of the votes exhibits the following curious result: Ayes—7 Wesleyan Association Methodists, 1 Conference Methodist, and 1 Congregationalist. Noes—2 Congregationalists, 2 Unitarians, 1 Baptist, 1 Friend, and Mr. Thompson and myself, who, not being identified with any particular sect, call ourselves "Nonconformists." Do you not see the spirit of sect, sect, sect, manifested in that majority? One reason of Mr. Hemming's triumph (such as it is) exists, no doubt, in the fact that he was appointed a delegate to the Annual Assembly of the Wesleyan Association. I have written a statement of other facts in connection with this affair, for the forthcoming *Watchman*, which I should be glad if you would transcribe to your columns.

I must not omit to mention that our friend George Thompson, despite the coarsest abuse that I ever listened to from fellows calling themselves gentlemen, asserted the claims and vindicated the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and defended Mr. Garrison from the cowardly cry of "infidelity," with an eloquence and a faithfulness worthy of himself and of the cause.

I must know more about a Yankee parson before I trust one again. And I hope that when Mr. Tappan sends another representative to this country, he will send one who will act here just as he does in America, and not give us a man who is a sort of moral Ventriloquist, speaking in one voice to the friends of Garrison, and in another to the friends of the New Organization. It is not politic for him to do so, for the man who acts such a variety of parts in this country is sure to be found out, sooner or later; and then persons like myself are put to the unpleasant trouble of writing long letters, like the present, and unpleasant personal statements, like the one which will appear in the forthcoming *Watchman*. However, I shall not regret the trouble and annoyance to which I have been put, if the issue does anything to explode the bigotry of sect, and to give honour to that cause which I so higly prize—the cause of thorough Abolitionism.

Yours very truly, F. W. CHESSON.

34 Windsor Place, Manchester, 25 Dec., 1853.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

To the Editors of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the last number of the *Messenger*, issued by the American Tract Society, we find the following:

"*A beautiful Idea.*—At the Railroad Celebration in Detroit, on occasion of the opening of the Great Western Rail Road through Canada from Niagara Falls to Detroit, the following toast was given: 'The Railroad and the Telegraph, the artery and pulse of American existence; as long as the one flows and the other beats, liberty is safe.'"

Wherein consists the beauty of this idea? Is it in substituting physical instead of moral agencies, in producing moral results? Does this religious Society mean to tell the world that liberty, and, of course, right and justice, are to be secured, not by the fear of God and the love of man, but by Railroad conductors and Telegraph operators? A horrible and atrocious despotism reigns over three millions of our countrymen, outraging the laws of God and the rights of man. The American Tract Society, while condemning the sins of dancing and playing cards, is dumb on the subject of converting human beings into brutes, and denying them the revelation of Almighty God. This strange ungodly conduct is now explained. Railroads and Telegraphs are to do the work of Bibles and Christian ministers—they are to abolish human bondage, and teach slaveholders to love mercy and do justice. Will they also teach Northern dodghfaces truth and honesty?

This "beautiful idea," which so delights the American Tract Society, is no less false and absurd, than it is false and anti-Christian. Why should Railroads and Telegraphs render liberty safe in this slaveholding, slave-catching country, and not in Russia, and France, and Austria? And this beautiful idea is commended to public attention at the *very moment*, when, in despite of Railroads and Telegraphs, the traitors at Washington are extending Slavery over immense regions heretofore consecrated to Liberty! Soon, probably, the African Slave Trade will be re-opened; but of course the American Tract Society will resign the coloured race to the tender mercies of Railroads and Telegraphs, and will occupy itself exclusively in rebuking sins which have no reference to men with dark complexions. It will inculcate only a COTTON CHRISTIANITY. E.

SUMMARY.

A married lady in Evansville cowhided a young blood of that town very seriously, lately, for sending her an indelicate valentine.

Mrs. Frost, who edits a paper down in Ohio, excused the absence of editorial in a late number of her paper, saying that a "slight frost occurred at our place on Wednesday last."

Dyson, the schoolmaster, who has been imprisoned some months at New Orleans, for an alleged attempt to incite an insurrection among the slaves there, died February 18, in the Parish prison.

The Hutchinsons have been singing in this region. Last Sabbath they supplied a great deficiency at the Capitol by conducting the singing in divine service, there being no choir usually in attendance at that place.—*Letter from Wash.—N. Y. Observer.*

In 1847, there were scarcely a dozen white inhabitants in St. Paul, Minnesota Territory. The village now contains 700 houses, and 4,700 inhabitants. The amount of taxable property in 1853 was $904,437. The capital at present invested in business is $825,000.

Steps are being taken by the New York Children's Aid Society to provide a lodging-house for the Newsboys, for which, we learn, $698 have been raised. The amount required for the vigorous and effective prosecution of the work is $1,000 a year.

The present population of California is composed of 250,000 Americans, 25,000 Germans, 25,000 French, 17,000 Chinamen, 20,000 of Spanish blood, 5,000 miscellaneous foreigners, 20,000 Indians, and 2,500 Negroes. Of these, about 65,000 are women, and perhaps, 30,000 children.

Henry Ward Beecher is a man that always "comes to time." He had an engagement to lecture at Brattleboro' last Tuesday evening, and finding the Southern train not likely to reach there in season for his lecture, owing to some unexpected detention, he chartered an engine at Springfield, especially for the trip.

ANTI-SLAVERY CHURCHES.—Two churches have recently been organized, one in Jay Co., Ia., and one in Mercer Co., Ohio, which adopt the distinctive principles of non-fellowship with slaveholders. They also adopt the Congregational form of church government. We hear of measures in progress in other places for the same purpose.—*Christian Press.*

CONVICTION OF DR. GARDINER—SUICIDE.—Dr. Gardiner, whose trial for obtaining money from the United States treasury (under the treaty with Mexico) upon false pretences has consumed so much time, was found guilty at Washington on the 3d instant, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. His counsel had taken steps to procure a new trial, but he put an end to the case by poisoning himself in his cell.

In the case of Charles Trainer *vs.* Rose Cooper, alias Porter, the latter absent in California—tried and decided on the 2d inst., in the Kings County Circuit Court—damages being claimed by plaintiff for the expenses incurred in regaining his child, which the defendant had abducted from Cincinnati and brought to New York, with the avowed purpose of taking her to California—a verdict of $775 was rendered—1,000 being claimed. No defence was offered.

An anti-smoker authorizes the editor of one of our religious papers to say to the students of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, that every student who, from the receipt of the notice, will abstain entirely from the use of tobacco in all its forms, viz: smoking, chewing and snuffing, and will pledge himself to refrain from its use, shall, at the time he receives his professional certificate, be furnished with an order upon Robert Carter for fifty dollars' worth of books.

A COLOURED SAVAN.—At least one of the learned societies of this city has overcome the prejudice against permitting coloured men to share in its deliberations. The American Geographical Society, of which George Bancroft, the historian, was President last year, and over which J. Romeyn Brodhead, naval officer of this port, now presides, has received Dr. James McCune Smith, a coloured man, into membership, and, a few evenings ago, he addressed the Society, on the subject of devising measures to improve the system heretofore adopted of taking the State census.

Rev. John B. Meachum, coloured, pastor of the First African Church in St. Louis, fell dead in the pulpit on Sunday, the 30th ultimo, while reading his text. His disease was an affection of the heart. He was formerly a slave in Virginia, but was set free, and went to St. Louis, where, at one time, he was at the head of a large coopering establishment, and next an extensive dealer in real estate, and owner of a large amount of steamboat stock. But for reverses of fortune, it is supposed he would have left his family $300,000 or $400,000. As it is, he leaves them a comfortable fortune.

BLOOD-HOUNDS.—The following, which appeared lately in the North Carolina *Observer*, tells its own story of the beauties of the patriarchal institution:

"*Sale Extraordinary.*—Mr. J. L. Bryan, of Moore County, sold at public auction, on the 20th instant, *a pack of ten hounds trained for hunting runaways*, for the sum of $1,540. The highest price paid for any dog was $301; lowest price, $75; average for the ten, $154. The terms of s

Miscellaneous Department.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE PLYMOUTH FESTIVAL; OR, "TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY."

BY CATHERINE HEALEY DALL.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"Les utopies ne sont souvent que des verités prematures."
—*Historie des Girondins.*

We have somewhat of the spirit of old Myles Standish in our heart, as well as his hot blood in our veins. He belonged to the church *military*, we have heard it said, so it happened that, on the 30th of July, 1853, we found ourselves on our way to Plymouth—Plymouth! whose very name thrilled through us, like the lightning, long, long years ago. It was at the close of a very hot day, that we went, with a crowd of Plymouth kin, to the Old Colony Depot. What with heat and smoke, and long delay of the overloaded train, the place seemed like a small Tophet. But no one complained. A warm enthusiasm under-lay every smiling face, and heat and smoke were nothing to the anticipated joy of the next few days. The old December festival was to be thawed out, and, instead of the "Landing," we were to celebrate the "Embarkation of our Pilgrim Fathers." Our way lay along the sea-shore. Singularly flat it was toward the water, but in the direction of the setting sun the land rolled here and there into wavy knolls as if it had just ceased to feel the tumbling of the sea. It was quite dark when we arrived, so that we could scarce distinguish the outline of the beautiful harbour. Had we been a conquering army on its return, or veritable Pilgrims decked with staff and scallop shell, a greater crowd could hardly have assembled, to receive us. In a few moments, we had been welcomed by one whose sweet, calm face seemed to proclaim that she was in truth a "mother in the land," while her clear eye lacked none of that spirit which a well-informed antiquarian would look for in the lineal descendant of the wayward Peregrine White. When we had partaken of a plentiful meal, we were hurried forth to see what the town's-people had been doing. As we entered, we had passed under massive arches of evergreen, and had seen, on either side, houses decked with bunting, stars and crosses, and the like. Never had we seen any decorations so effective. There was something delightful, too, in the way the "latch-string hung out." Everybody went in to every other body's house, without introduction, without enquiry. Humanity, of whatever colour, name or nature, seemed welcome for the nonce. Nobody was surprised to see you, and you soon ceased to be surprised at meeting anybody. Unitarians and Transcendentalists, Orthodox and Free Thinkers, Radicals and Conservatives—ay! even Liberty Men and slaveholders—met you at every step. It was one of the pleasant things about this celebration that it appealed, in some sort, to every human soul. We wandered delighted to the extreme end of the town, where Mr. Andrews had hung his shrubbery with flags, and festooned his fence with evergreens and bunting. While the air within was heavy with the scent of summer flowers, the lawn without was adorned by a Turkish tent. It was made of red, blue and white bunting, carried from a central pole and pinned to the ground. The workmen, well pleased with the result, were about to send up a few fireworks from the lawn, and so draw public attention to the spot. A gauzy fog covered the face of the sky, and it hung like a pall of black velvet over the beautiful town. Suddenly a Drummond light was placed in the tent, and our lifted eyes saw, on the veiled heavens, streamers of red and blue and white reflected from the zenith to the horizon. A gentle breeze waved the bunting, and the whole firmament seemed flushed with an electric current. At last the noisy rockets found their way; and while stars of gold and crimson, of silver and green sparkled and fell, and finally diffused themselves in the misty night, we seemed to see again the beautiful aurora of 1837. The next day was Sunday, but we could hardly wait for breakfast before we walked to Cole's Hill, the earlier burial-place of the Pilgrims. The place where Indians and white were laid alike, and where a terrible dread of the savages prevented the latter from raising a single stone. Standing upon this spot, just above the small boulder we have so long called "Plymouth Rock," drinking in the sea-air and the sunshine, we felt ourselves in the fittest Temple for the Day. Nevertheless, we went to one which human hands had built. It was pleasant to worship there also, by the side of the Governor of the Commonwealth, the seats half filled by reverent strangers, the music fine, and well attuned to the expectant hush on every face.

The sermon preached in the middle of the summer holidays was obviously not prepared for the occasion, and should not be judged by it. One pleasant allusion to Rose Standish and Mary Ware touched every heart, and brought the audience into instant sympathy with the minister. A great crowd we found in the streets after service. No confusion, but a sort of merry stir, which could not be repressed. A "spiritual" rapping, here and there, showed that some people were not quite easy about their decorations. The sun was radiant, and the whole scene so festive that we involuntarily stopped midway in the street, to look up and down. Toward evening, we went up to Burial Hill, where lies the body of Thomas Clarke, mate of the Mayflower, who died at the age of ninety-eight, having seen strange changes in the colony in his time. A little lower is the grave of Faunce, the man who remembered the first Pilgrims, and who is remembered in his turn by some now living or just dead. Standing on this hill, and looking toward the bay, the scene is strangely beautiful. The town itself faintly reminds one of the lower city in Quebec. The Burial Hill rises above and overtops it, for it is fitting that Plymouth should hold up aloft the graves of her dead. Behind it the green upland stretches away, in rippling knolls—knolls in which the decayed sea-weed and algæ must eventually have bound together the ocean drifts of sand. The houses lie between this hill and the sea, in a narrow ridge, and far off to the right is Mauomet Hill, with the Gurnet at its extremity. The Gurnet, so called from a fish on the coast of Devon, whose bony head has given its name to the promontory. At the junction of this with the main land, a narrow ridge of sand juts out, and runs three miles across the harbour—a beach, in truth, but looking like a breakwater. On the other hand, the land bends round, and rises into Captain's Hill, where Myles Standish built his house, and where relics of the burnt homestead are still sacredly gathered and preserved. As we stood here, straining our eyes to see if we could catch a glimpse of the white sails of a friend's yacht, all the gay trappings of the town fluttering in the rising wind, our mind went back two hundred years with sudden spring. We saw rather the unprotected beach, where the high-born Winsloe and his retainer stood apart, the former holding to the lips of his exhausted wife the silver canteen fastened by a chain to his belt. We saw the Fuller cradle gently deposited upon the beach, and the bolts withdrawn from the staples of the Lady Penelope's chair, that it might serve a momentary purpose on the sand. We saw Myles Standish drop his heavy kettle and broad pewter platters, and draw up the long chain of his sword, as he lifted his gentle Rose over the convenient "Rock," beyond the reach of the "breaking waves." We saw Elder Brewster's reverent face, and were just making out the distant outline of Indian forms upon the point, when a few straggling rain-drops brought us down two hundred years. A cloud, big with the storm, came up from the North-west. Shaped like a seraph's wing, feathered with light and shadow, it drooped lower and lower, till the whole town nestled beneath it. Then the quick drops sent us rapidly down the hill. It did not seem like Sunday night. Crowds were moving through the streets, and committees hurrying like lightning back and forth. Suddenly the rains descended and the floods came. How the torrents bounded back from roofs and windows! How sharp lines of silvery lightning sprang across the clear blue sky, and bound distant fragments of dark cloud together! How drenched committees mourned pitifully over ruined decorations, and wrung out their wet garments before our eyes. Then came a terrific crash, peal upon peal of thunder, a red glare filling the whole atmosphere! Where had it struck? Oh mythic Greeks, why were ye not there to answer? Oh stalwart Romans of the olden time, why were you not there, attended by oracles and augurs, to interpret fitly this voice from Heaven? Was it because human homes had lost their sanctity, and human hearts their manliness, since those cruel "ides of March," that Heaven's lightning fell now, not upon lifted spears of man's devising, but rather on the unworked sod of the early Pilgrim grave. Will not eloquent voices tell us in trembling to-morrow how the sacred fire was kindled anew, at this hour, on the consecrated altar of Cole's Hill? Early on the morning of the 1st, we were roused by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. In spite of a heavy dropping mist, which it was feared might prove too stout a breakfast even for a hungry August sun, we hurried to Pilgrim Hall. We had never before seen Sargent's picture of the Landing. Seen at such a moment, it made a profound impression, and interpreted what we felt, as we looked upon the names of our own flesh and blood, hung in evergreens about it. At this moment, we felt that God had *not* made of one blood all the nations of the earth, but that these men were the nobles of the ages—that such an ancestry involved a heavy responsibility to posterity. It is no place here to dwell on the Antiquarian relics which fill this Hall. Dead as they are, they kindle ever a living fire in our own heart; and, on this morning, we sympathized with the little child who, finding that she was not in any way descended from the Pilgrims, begged, with tears in her eyes, to be rocked in the Fuller cradle, as the next best thing! But there were deeds, conveyances and the like that had a living voice. Among them, the Constitution signed on board the Mayflower, and Cromwell's Commission to Governor Edward Winsloe, dated April, 1654, empowering him to proceed to Havana, to adjust certain difficulties. The rude print of the Protector which precedes the initial letter has not been able to deter some presumptuous hand from tearing away his signature. Later in the day, we saw, at the Town Hall, the records of the church and town, written in London, in Leyden, and on board the Mayflower, by John Robison and his successors. We saw, too, the earliest Charter of the Colony, found, the other day, among Col. Davis's papers, and bearing the date of 1621. The signatures of the Earls of Lenox and Warwick, the Duke of Hamilton, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, are appended to it by broad parchment tags. One other was quite illegible, and still another had been cut off. If, as we touched these papers, a new life seemed to burn within us, and charge us, as with electric force, we expected of men also that they would feel the true significance of these memorials. When we stood on that remnant of Plymouth Rock which is now so carefully guarded—when we looked at the old Greek characters in the town records, and studied out their quaint abbreviations—it seemed to us as if every one who did the same must be impressed by the dignity and power of the lives which had so consecrated darkened scraps of paper, and worn-out household furniture.

At the Church, while we waited for the services to begin, our thoughts could not but flow in the channel of Lowell's Present Crisis—quoted afterward by our best speaker. Only the prayer of Dr. Kendall seemed quite worthy of the time. He, the white-haired old man, with his eighty-five years, and his clear strong voice, pleading eloquently for the "oppressed," seemed inspired by the day. The music was only a grand failure. Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lyric was divorced from the notes to which it is forever married, in our tenderest associations, and we had the weak piping of one or two voices, when we should have had the mighty chorus of the congregation. We went back to the house to see the procession pass. On our way we learned that, like a shock of corn garnered in its season, Judge Mitchell had fallen. Often had the pure-minded scholar and farmer prayed to be thus suddenly "gathered to his fathers!" "Gathered to his fathers!" Did not the phrase acquire a new and beautiful significance under the shadow of that distant hill, spoken by quiet voices, on this festive air? So tranquil a passage to the better land need not darken the sunshine, which now began to stream about us. The procession was fine, troops, horsemen, firemen and gentry crowding after one another; but it was far less beautiful than the decorated streets through which it passed. We started in the midst of it, in order to reach the tent in which the dinner was to take place. It took a little of the Standish spirit to force our way to fitting seats, and when at last the immense area was filled, it was a glad sight to look upon. Never yet, we say it fearlessly, were so many beautiful female faces assembled under one roof. Wives and mothers, sisters and betrothed ones, felt all the spiritual power of that gathering, as no worn-out politician could. Faces that we had often thought plain, we now saw kindled and beautiful. Of the speaking, there is little to be said on the "bright side." Certain persons, doubtless, thought that Gov. Clifford had a broad manly voice. Others, that the ice of Edward Everett's manner had never before so melted. Others again, that John P. Hale made a noble and manly speech, not fearing, as he turned his eye about, to speak the name of a higher law within hearing of delicate Southern ears. For ourselves, let us say, that, from our very heart, we thanked Gov. Clifford for chastening, so far as he could, the foolish love of empire, which has bewitched the nation. We thanked Charles Sumner for the manly words which sustained in that uncheering presence the Absolute Truth. If he did not speak with his usual eloquence—if he did not carry the war into the enemies' country—there waited ever on his words the low music of fitness; and there was something touching in the hesitation which the uncongeniality of his surroundings seemed to occasion. He heard, and we heard through him, for the first time, this day the voice of Plymouth Rock. Nor were we insensible to the poetic beauty of that moment, when the President, having announced "the Orator of 1820," and the Band began to play the Dirge, Josiah Quincy rose, and, uncovered, honoured the dead statesman. For an instant, that immense audience hesitated, then, rising, they acknowledged also their master among men. Oh, that he had indeed been the king, which the compliment implied, and that, instead of honouring the *mighty intellect*, we might have honoured so, The Mighty Man! After a fitting season of refreshment, the festivities of the evening began. They had told us that there would be an illumination, and we fancied that in Plymouth an illumination must be but a small thing. But it was not so—we can never forget the fairy-like beauty of the scene. The President of the day opened his house for a Levée. Brilliantly lighted from top to bottom, it stood in the centre of a little square, from which five streets diverged. No political diversities had put out any man's light, and, gazing along these streets, we saw every house a-blaze. While gay and beautiful forms moved up and down, behind the open windows of the President's House, and music lent sweet eloquence to the still air; while the hazy curtain above hung once more in draperies of black velvet; while trees and arches were beset with lighted candles, or crimson lamps; while crosses of coloured lanterns hung midway of the streets; while beautiful rockets pierced the very heavens, and dropped stars of crimson, green, and gold, or sent them floating-like sunset clouds, far over the abundant evergreens and brilliant buntings; while the streamers of an Aurora seemed once more to hang over our heads, and throngs of people, beauty-smitten, pressed on every side; who could think of Plymouth or New England? Not we. We thought of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; of the lighted gardens of the Alhambra; of the magic glades of Cashmere; of Athens, when the Canephorae moved along her streets; Persepolis, when the priests went up to the great temple; once even of provincial rejoicings in the foreign town of "Villette," but we did *not* think of Plymouth or the Pilgrims!

CLOUDS.

"Oh mother State! how quenched thy Sinai fires!
Is there none left of thy staunch Mayflower breed?
Are these thy great men, these, that cringe and creep,
And writhe through slimy ways to place and power?"
—Lowell's *Present Crisis.*

Yes, it is but too true. We have spent more words over those three days than most men will think they deserve. Yet not rightly, for with every onward step toward freedom, such celebrations are connected by significant ties. Plymouth people will see that we have appreciated all their hospitable labour. Strangers will say that we have thrown bright wreaths, from our own fancy, in among their evergreens; yet we went home sad, dispirited, disheartened; and when a glad friend asked cheerily, "Well, what voice did *you* hear at Plymouth?" we paused a moment, and then answered—"Such as we carried there, we fancy!" First, it saddened us that, in the pleasant Church, there should have been no prophet strong enough to speak the word demanded by the hour. We longed to urge all those who held Pilgrim blood in their veins to be faithful to the trust. We longed to show them how Religion, Politics and Moral Power called out to them and had never been answered. We would have bound them together as one man by the honest strength and pathos of Gov. Bradford's words, when he explained the need of union on board the Mayflower. It grieved us to see, in the placing of Webster's bust in the anti-chamber of Pilgrim Hall, in the parting him, as it were, from the stern companionship of the Pilgrims, a certain moral fitness which renewed all our sorrow over the unmanly weakness of his last few years. It grieved us still further that, when we had assembled in the Church, to offer our prayers to the Most High, there was no one to ask that, whereas the lightning of God's arm had penetrated the very bones of the dead, as if in significant intimation of the power of His Truth, we might be filled with that power more and more, until we learned to speak with the tongues of angels, among whom there is neither North nor South, but only the presence of "just men made perfect." It grieved us that Gov. Clifford, speaking to the people, with calm good sense, of the mad ambition which urges them to war, should turn aside from the courtesies of the occasion to throw a foolish slur upon the doings of a Constitutional Convention, many of whose noblest members sat about him. We could say truly, that we had never known Edward Everett speak so eloquently, never known his words so fused by something like soul-warmth. But were we wrong when we thought we detected, under every noble note that he struck, the low echo of a Personal Ambition? Were we wrong when we fancied that, in this speech, he made a grand appeal to the people, as to his worthiness to stand at the Nation's head? Were we wrong when we thought that we detected, beneath the guarded picture of a civilization that must reach from the icy barriers of the Arctic to the warm land of the Southern Cross, from the rocks upon our sea-coast, kindling in the day dawn, to the peaks of Chimborazo, crimson with the sun's last kiss, an appeal, graceful and effective, it may be, yet unprincipled and dishonourable, to what is vulgarly called the "fillibustering" spirit of our nation? An appeal unworthy alike of the scholar and the statesman, though one said nothing of the great man and the Christian? Lifted on the voices of three thousand people, the "Original Ode" might have swayed our hearts, as the North Wind bends the cedars, but sung idly for us by those who felt it little, it could not even hush for the moment our foolish table gossip. We have said how we thanked Charles Sumner for his words, which were to us, in the dearth of a true Pilgrim spirit, as food to the fainting; but we grieved as we listened, and the swelling rush of tears came more than once into our throat, when we reflected that the air of that tent was too confined for his lungs, and that to speak as his own heart demanded, he must, like a thunderbolt, have

"cleared
———the compassing atmosphere."

What, too, can we say of South Carolina, who sent one of her fittest messengers to break the harmony of the occasion? A man whose Huguenot ancestry was shamed by his lack of martyr spirit. Surely, had his words been uttered with fitting distinctness, that immense audience must have silenced him, or answered? To Everett he came like the incarnation of Retributive Justice. To this man, so polished and acceptable, who wished to keep the Whig Banner fluttering *white* in the popular wind; whose garments never felt a pro-slavery clutch; who looked *over* rather than *through* the strife of the times; to this man, he said with a coolness worthy of Œdippus, "Let me return my thanks to him for words uttered "many years ago in Congress, yet still indelibly im-"pressed upon my memory. There is no cause in "which I would more readily shoulder my musket "than to put down a servile insurrection at the "South!!" What wonder if the great man shivered and turned pale! What wonder if the audience sat mute! More wonder, by far, that the active speaker on the platform did not feel the smothered indignation of the audience—an indignation which soon broke out into open hisses—hisses that might have been persisted in, had not a natural pause in his argument given us reason to think he was coming to the close. We could not but smile, amid all our grief, to see how one honest Free Soiler fidgetted in his seat, and ever and anon wiped the drops from his broad forehead with a hasty hand. Who could blame us if we felt like smashing the fine Parian group with which the ardent speaker surmounted his words? Who could blame us, if a mighty indignation swelling through every vein whispered that our country was dishonoured by whatever, in its public or private councils, gave any man a right to speak such words within cannon shot of Plymouth Rock. Oh mother Plymouth! hast thou done thy duty by us? Or is it that we are too weak to feed on the hard bread of our fathers? We rejoiced when Hale rebuked the bold tropes of Everett, we liked to hear the cheering tones of his manly voice, but we felt that all his sayings were too festive and popular, considering the insult which the company had borne. Should he not have been terribly in earnest at such a moment; and if the shade of the dead statesman hovered over us, must he not have felt one bitter purgatorial pang as he saw how, partly on account of his Seventh of March, the whole festival fell below its grand ideal? Picturesquely in the flitting light, the dark forms of negroes, draperied in white, moved among the audience; but we remembered with sorrow that these were the true Pilgrims of the Nineteenth Century, and we thanked God that other than Anglo-Saxon blood flowed in their veins, for surely the times have been when cruel words, spoken in that hearing, must have been expiated in blood, even at the festive board! It was, perhaps, convenient to ignore the fact that, on the 1st of August, a neighbouring nation celebrated their Emancipation; but need we have been so stupid as to forget that it was on the 1st of August that Columbus first touched the Western Continent, or those steps in Science and discoveries in mechanics which make it memorable? Once we turned and looked at some of those arch-heretics, the Anti-Slavery reformers. The ample mouth of one distended into a broad but significant gape. The keen eye of another glistened with mischief, as if he would have said: "Why are you disappointed? "Do you not know that all true eloquence nestles in "the bosom of Absolute Truth?" But who heeded the Absolute on that occasion, save one who seemed to feel as if it were desecrating it to bring it into that presence?

Oh, countrymen, both North and South, bear with our bitterness, for it is of sorrow not of anger! How much easier were it to die for such a cause than to live for it, devoured by the fretting pain of each new dishonour! We write these lines to the music of a saw, which moves steadily back and forth in the hands of a revolutionary soldier one hundred and three years old. That man served at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered. At that moment, he stood by Washington's side. Sold into Louisiana, by a cruel master, he served under Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. Apart from the great fact that God makes every man free, every lower plea that human hearts admit might be urged in his behalf. His blood flowed on the Altar of a Liberty whereof he was made *no partaker!* Of later years, he was treated with such cruelty that a slaveholder, whose name we dare not tell you, assisted him to fly. In the year 1847, he reached Ohio, where, in the neighbourhood of friends, he earned for himself a pleasant home. But upon your soil, oh brothers! he never felt at ease; and when a designing relative, a year ago, urged him to sell his little farm and come to Canada, he readily accepted the invitation. Impoverished, forlorn, we found him; and when we had heard his story, and examined his well authenticated papers, we felt ashamed to look him in the face. Countrymen, it was *your* lash that drove him from his home. It is because you are no longer men, worthy of your Pilgrim Fathers, that he stands both a Pilgrim and a stranger, near the end of his days, on this more friendly shore.

Could you see the remains of his early vigour, look on the dark faces of his children, and hear from his lips the simple utterance of a Piety, as sweet and sacred as Uncle Tom's, you must, like the children of the Patriarch in sacred story,

"Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!"

Toronto, Oct. 11, 1853.

FISHER AMES.

The *Evening Post*, in a notice of a forthcoming life of Fisher Ames, gives the following pleasant sketch of his character and habits:

After returning from Congress, Mr. Ames passed a life of almost unbroken retirement. In 1798 he was appointed Commissioner to the Cherokees, an office he was obliged to refuse. In 1800 he was a member of the Governor's Council, and in the same year delivered a eulogy on Washington, before the legislature. He was chosen, in 1805, President of Harvard College, but ill health, and a disinclination to change his habits of life, led him to decline the honour.

He had also resumed the practice of his profession with ardour, but the state of his health compelled him gradually to drop it; and towards the close of his life, he was glad to throw it aside altogether. Mr. Ames was not much of a traveller, though getting back and forth between Dedham and Philadelphia, which he used to do in his own conveyance, was no small matter in those days. He visited among his acquaintances in the neighbourhood, at Christopher Gore's in Waltham, at George Cabot's in Brookline, and at Salem, where Timothy Pickering and others of his friends resided. He was also in the habit of driving to Boston in his gig two or three times a week, when his health permitted, and passing the day. But he took few long journeys. We hear of him at Newport in 1795, in Virginia visiting the mineral springs for his health, in the following year, and in Connecticut in 1800; and he speaks in one of his letters of "jingling his bells as far as Springfield," as a matter of common occurrence.

Ames appears to have always had a relish for farming. In a letter written at Philadelphia in 1795, while groaning over his ill-health, which makes him "the survivor of himself, or rather the troubled ghost of a politician compelled to haunt the field of battle where he fell," he says, "I almost wish Adams was here, and I at home sorting squash and pumpkin seeds for planting." He frequently wrote essays on agricultural subjects, and into many of his political articles similes and illustrations found their way, smelling of the farm. He had an especial fondness for raising fruit trees, and for breeding calves and pigs. All the best kinds of fruit were found in his orchard, experiments were tried on new kinds of grass, and improvements undertaken in the cultivation of crops. A piggery was attached to the barn, conducted on scientific principles, and furnished with the best stock. New breeds of cattle were introduced, and cows were kept, with a view both to the sale of milk and to the sale of their young. The produce of the farm used to be sent to Boston in a market wagon. For the carrying on of this establishment, Mr. Ames kept some half a dozen men. He himself was able to do but little active service. His disease was called by the physicians marasmus, a wasting away of the vital powers, a sort of consumption, not merely of the lungs, but of the stomach and everything else. This, while it produced fits of languor and depression, and had something to do, probably with his excessive anxiety on political subjects, never seemed to take from the cheerfulness of his manners. He was obliged to practice a rigid system of temperance, and to take a good deal of exercise, in horse-back riding and other ways. Besides the society of his family—a constant source of happiness—he used to solace himself with the company of his friends, with writing letters, and with reading his favourite authors. History and poetry he was especially fond of. Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope's Homer he read throughout his life, and during his last year, re-read Virgil, Tacitus and Livy, with much delight.

His friends were frequently invited out to partake of his "farmer's fare," and rare occasions those must have been, when such men as Theophilus Parsons, and Pickering, and Gore, and Samuel Dexter, and George Cabot were met together, with now and then one from a greater distance—Hamilton, or Gouverneur Morris, or Sedgwick, or Judge Smith; while at the head of the table sat Fisher Ames himself, delighting every one by his humour, and his unrivalled aptness of remark. In conversation he surpassed all the men of his time; even Morris, who was celebrated as a talker, used to be struck quite dumb at his side. His quick, fancy, and exuberant humour, his brilliant power of expression, his acquaintance with literature and affairs, and his genial and sunny disposition, used to show themselves on such occasions to perfection. His conversation, like his letters, was mainly upon political topics, though, now and then, agriculture or literature, or the common news of the day was introduced. Judge Smith, his room-mate in Philadelphia, stated, that when he was so sick as to be confined to his bed, he would sometimes get up and converse with friends who came to see him, by the hour, and then go back to his bed completely exhausted. His friends in Boston used to seize upon him when he drove in town, and "tire him down," as he expressed it, so that when he got back to Dedham, he wanted to roll like a tired horse.

Ames wrote a good many newspaper essays. About 1800, on the election of Jefferson, he was very active in starting a federal paper in Boston, the *Palladium*, and wrote for it constantly. His biographer informs us that these essays were the first drafts, and they appear as such. The language is appropriate and often very felicitous, but they are diffuse and not always systematic. There is considerable argument in them, but more of explanation, appeal and ornament. They cost him no labour in their composition, being on subjects that he was constantly revolving in his mind. They were commonly written whenever he found a spare moment and a scrap of paper, while stopping at a tavern, at the printing office in Boston, or while waiting for his horse; and are apparently expressed just as they would have been if he were speaking impromptu. His writings do not justify his fame; yet, viewed as what they really are, the unlaboured transcript of his thoughts, they are remarkable. The flow of language, the wit, the wealth and aptness of illustration, the clearness of thought, show an informed and superior mind. They have here and there profound observations, that show an acquaintance with the principles of government and with the human heart, and are full of testimonials to the purity of the author's patriotism, and the goodness of his heart.

He wrote a great many letters, and it is in these that we are presented with the finest view of his character. They are full of sensible remarks on contemporary news and events, and sparkle with wit of that slipshod and easy sort, most delightful in letters, while in grace of style they surpass most of the correspondence of that period. The public has already been informed that the correspondence of Fisher Ames, together with other writings, and some notice of his life, is in course of publication by one of his sons, Mr. Seth Ames, of Cambridge. But few of his letters were published in his works, as issued in 1809; a few more appeared in Judge Smith's life, and some twenty in Gibb's "Administration of Washington and Adams," but these bear but very small proportion to his whole correspondence.

Mr. Ames was a man of great urbanity among his neighbours. It was his custom to converse a good deal with ignorant persons and those remote from civil affairs. He was desirous to see how such persons looked at political questions, and often found means in this way of correcting his own views. He was a great favourite among the servants, and used to sit down in the kitchen sometimes and talk with them.

He attended the Congregational church at Dedham, and took a good deal of interest in its affairs. On one occasion, he invited out a number of friends to attend an installation. But about 1797, on the minister's insisting upon certain high Calvinistic doctrines, Mr. Ames left, and always went, after that, to the Episcopal church. A certain good old orthodox lady remarked to him one day, after he left their church, that she supposed, if they had a nice new meeting-house, he would come back. "No, madame," rejoined Ames, "if you had a church of silver, and were to line it with gold, and give me the best seat in it, I should go to the Episcopal." Though a man of strong religious feelings, he was nothing of a sectarian, and did not fully agree with the Episcopal views. He was a friend of Dr. Channing, who visited him in his last illness, and he ought, probably, to be reckoned in the same class of Christians with that eminent clergyman. He was very fond of the Psalms, and used to repeat the beautiful hymn of Watts, "Up to the hills I lift mine eyes." The Christmas of 1807, the year before his death, he had his house decked with green, a favourite custom with him.

He died at the age of fifty, on the fourth of July, 1808, at five o'clock in the morning, leaving to his family a comfortable property. His friends in Boston requested his body for the celebration of funeral rites. It was attended by a large procession from the house of Christopher Gore to King's Chapel, where an oration was pronounced by Samuel Dexter. It was afterwards deposited in the family tomb at Dedham, whence it was removed a few years since, and buried by the side of his wife and children. A plain white monument marks the spot, in the old Dedham grave-yard, behind the Episcopal church, with the simple inscription, "Fisher Ames."

EXTRAORDINARY MOVEMENT IN SWEDEN.

From the king to the meanest boor, the entire nation, each in his own way, seems to be moved with a laudable desire to effect the suppression of intemperance. The working-classes, we are informed, have made a remarkable demonstration against the great distillery kings near Carlshaum, in South Sweden. They marched in immense crowds to the distilleries, refused the gift of money by the brandy-makers, and demanded that no more "hell-broth" should be made at present. The great distilleries are burning up all the corn and potatoes they can lay hold of for the manufacture of this cursed fire-water, while the peasantry are starving for want of food. On their return, the "insurgents"—if we are to call them such—extinguished the fires in the boiling rooms; otherwise they did not hurt a fly.

In opening the Diet a few days ago, his Majesty said: "Agriculture, the most important branch of our industry, has within the last years made the most satisfactory progress. The recent harvests which we have gathered have not, however, given a corresponding augmentation to the general weal. Wasted to a great extent by the fabrication of a liquor the abuse of which threatens to undermine the most noble faculties of the population, those harvests have not availed to exclude the importation of articles of consumption from foreign countries, which the soil of our country might supply in plenty even beyond the wants of our native consumption. Gentlemen, it is time to pave the way to results which are more conformable to the public good. All good citizens are in this respect animated by a sentiment which is as noble as it is patriotic. I have received numerous petitions from all parts of the country entreating me to check the disastrous fabrication and the excessive consumption of that liquor. Gentlemen, I submit to you a proposition tending to effect that purpose, and I am convinced that you will be eager to meet my paternal inventions."

Now we are not surprised at this agitation and alarm, acquainted as we are with the facts of the case. Drunkenness has in Sweden attained its climax. It is a most extraordinary fact that in a country entirely agricultural and pastoral, drunkenness and crime should greatly exceed that of the manufacturing districts of either England or Scotland. In the rural districts of Sweden, the commitments for crime are 1 in 460; while in Glasgow and Manchester they are not more than 1 in 500. In Stockholm, with a population of only 80,000, and without manufactures of any kind, the commitments are 1 in 78, while the proportion of foundlings and natural children in this town is greater than in Paris itself, being more than one-third of the whole population. This fearful demoralization is, however, explained, when it is stated that by an unhappy law, every man, upon the payment of 5s. to the Crown, acquires the right of distilling spirits to any extent. In Sweden at this moment, with a population of three millions, there are 150,000 still in operation, in which are distilled annually thirty millions of gallons, giving ten gallons or sixty bottles, to every man, woman and child in the country, while in drunken Scotland the average is only eleven gallons or sixty six bottles for the men alone. Dr. Huss, of Stockholm, in a work recently published, states that it is a common thing for a working man to consume from five to six glasses of brandy daily, that many habitual dram-drinkers will consume from twelve to fifteen, and that he has known some who drank from sixteen to twenty glasses. This unparalleled intemperance of the lower classes of the Swedish population has originated a terrible disorder, which he designates *Alcholismus Chronicus*, and states that no fewer than 139 cases of this disease were treated in one hospital in the course of a single year.

All success we say to the King and his subjects in their laudable endeavous to put an end to their national disgrace.

We rejoice to find the *Times* saying in reference to the speech of this temperance King:

"It is a peculiarity of spirit-drinking that the money spent in it is, at the best, thrown away, and, in general, far worse than thrown away. It neither supplies the natural wants of man, nor offers an adequate substitute for them. Indeed, it is far too favourable a view of the subject to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. Yet, even so, there is something exceedingly irritating in the reflection that a great part of a harvest, raised with infinite care and pains on an ungrateful soil and in an inhospitable climate, instead of adding to the national wealth, or bringing the rich returns that in this season of famine it could not fail to command, is poured in the shape of liquid fire down the throats of the nation that produced it, and, instead of leaving them richer and happier, tend to impoverish them by the waste of labour and capital, and degrade them by vicious and deliberating indulgence. A great portion of the harvest of Sweden and of many other countries is applied to a purpose, compared with which it would have been better that the corn had never grown, or that it had been mildewed in the ear. No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society could be devised as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and an unmixed evil. To this task the King of Sweden is about to address himself, and we heartily wish his Majesty success in the attempt.

"The man who shall invent a really efficient antidote to this system of voluntary and daily poisoning will deserve a high place among the benefactors of his species. He will increase the riches of nations and the morality of individuals with the demand of any extra labour, or the sacrifice of any rational or healthful pleasure, but merely by a better distribution of those funds which the industry of a people has created but which their folly dissipates in the consumption of these baneful compounds. Whether he be the occupant of a throne or a cottage—the king, the preacher, or the peasant—such a man is the great want of the day; and when he appears, all right minded persons must respect him, whether he come in the shape of a crowned head or a poor priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland."

The man which the *Times* desiderates has already been found. He may make his acquaintanceship in every house which total abstinence has blessed.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mr. Alexander Smith, the author of "A Life Drama," has been elected secretary of the Edinburgh University."

——In the course of his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey wrote not less than 200 articles for that periodical.

——The name of "Quakers" was applied to the Friends by Gervas Bennet, a magistrate, upon Fox telling him to *tremble* at the word of the Lord.

——Shaving prevails in Europe because the Kings of France set the example to their courtiers, who were followed by the nation, which formerly gave the *ton* to neighbouring nations, and therefore was at length followed by all in this troublesome and unmanly fashion. *Dr Elliotson's Human Physiology.*

——A Discovery.—The Frenchman Mariette has at last succeeded in discovering the long sought-for entrance into the Sphynx. The entrance leads into beautiful marble rooms, which are supposed to be connected by subterranean passages with similar chambers in the adjacent pyramid. There is but little travelling this year in Egypt.

——The *Gateshead Observer* speaks of a meeting for the institution of a "Beard and Moustache Club" at Newcastle—as likely to take place. Front benches to be reserved for the Beard and Moustache; second row, Moustache and Imperial; third, Moustache only. "Barefaced people (or, in other words persons whose faces are not fit to be seen, however fond they are of showing them) are to sit behind."

——A Cheap Title.—The Prince of Canino, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, has sold all his possessions in Rome and Ronciglione to the banker, Alessandro Torlonia, for 450,000 *and one* scudi. The prince, who is well known as a man of exalted political opinions, has stipulated in the contract that the one dollar should indicate the value of his title as Prince de Canino, which he now sells, together with his estates.—*Cologne Gazette.*

——In a biographical notice of Mr. Guthrie, the *Medical Circular* says with a frankness which all zealous followers of the art will appreciate. "On the termination of the Peninsular war, he (Mr. Guthrie) had expressed *his regret* in print *that another great battle had not been fought* in the South of France, as that would, he thought, have enabled him to set at rest two or three yet doubtful points in *la haute chirurgie*. The battle of Waterloo soon afforded the desired opportunity."

——The slight misunderstanding between Miss Bremer and Mrs. Howitt, relative to a recent translation, is at an end. The former lady now writes—"May she be my friend and translator still for works possibly to come! Circumstances so unfavourable as those under which both myself and Mrs. Howitt have worked in this last work will hardly ever return, and nothing then will be in the way of our perfect harmony. If I again shall seek a translator in England I can certainly seek and wish for no other, no better, than Mary Howitt."

——The English Language is composed of 15,734 words, of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,312 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon, 1,168 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German (not including verbs), 90 from the Welch, 75 from the Danish, 56 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 84 from the Swedish, 31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.

——Magnitude of Russia.—Russia is the greatest unbroken empire, for extent, that ever existed, occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one-sixth of the habitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of Alexander, who is reported to have said, "I insist upon having the Baltic to skait upon, the Caspian for a bathing place, the Black Sea as a wash-hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish-pond." He "encroached on Tartary for a pasture, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Turkey for a garden, on Poland for a farm, on Finland and Lapland as a hunting ground, and took part of North America as place of banishment for offenders."

——A Curious Placard.—The following placard was, at one time during the recent troubles in Rome, actually posted about the streets of the Eternal City. Several days elapsed ere its hidden meaning was penetrated by our whilome acquaintance, Giuseppe Navone, chief detective of the Roman police. The reader, who is not quick at guessing riddles, will find the solution of the following, by reading across from one incription to the other:

Death to	Pius Ninth—
Mazzini	for ever
The Republic is	the best government—
the vilest government	is that of the Pope!
Down with the	Priestly power,
Sovereignty of the People	forever.

——Skates for the Queen.—Our townsmen, Marsden, Brothers, and Silverwood, of Bridge Street works, have just executed an order for a pair of skates for Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, which are a credit to the manufacturers, and worthy of the royal feet. In lieu of straps across the instep, each skate is provided with a patent leather boot. These boots are firmly attached by a strip of plated silver to the clogs, which are of satinwood, highly polished. The skate-irons terminate in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a swan, and both sides are elegantly chased. The cup that forms the receptacle for the heel is silver plated, and chased with the design of the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The same design is embroidered in white silk upon the black patent leather, to which it forms a pleasing contrast. This is the first evidence we have had of the Queen herself setting the example to womankind of acquiring a graceful accomplishment, hitherto confined almost exclusively, in this country at least, to the sterner sex.—*Sheffield Times.*

War and Pestilence.—Some interesting tables have been issued from the Health Office, comparing the loss of life by war and by pestilence. It appears that in 22 years of war there were 19,709 wounded; giving an annual average of 899 killed and 3,628 wounded. In 1848-49 there were no fewer than 72,180 persons killed by cholera and diarrhœa in England and Wales, and 144,360 attacked; 84,897 of the killed were able-bodied persons, capable of getting their own living! Besides these deaths from the great epidemic, 1115,000 die annually, on an average, of preventable diseases; while 11,419 die by violence. Comparing the killed in nine great battles, including Waterloo, 4,740—with the number killed by cholera in London in 1848–49, 14,139 we find a difference of 9,399 in favour of war. In cholera visitations, 12 per cent., sometimes 20 per cent., of the medical men employed died. The London missionaries die as fast as those in foreign countries, and there are some districts in London which make the Mission Society ask themselves whether they have a right to send men into them. From the returns of 12 unions it is found that 3,567 widows and orphans are chargeable to the cholera of 1848–49, entailing an expenditure of £121,000 in four years only.

Weather Rules.—"The change of the moon," the expression in general use in predictions of the weather, is idly and inconsiderately used by people, without considering that in every phase that planet is the same to us, as a material agent, as regards the power of reflected light; and no one supposes that moonlight produces wet or dry. Why, then, should that point in the moon's course, which we all agree to call "the new" when it begins to emerge from the sun's rays, have any influence on our weather? Twice in each revolution, when in conjunction with the sun at new, and in opposition at the full, an atmospheric spring-tide may be supposed to exist, and to exert some sort of influence. But the existence of any atmospheric tide at all is denied by some naturalists, and is at most very problematical; and the absence of regular diurnal fluctuations of the barometric pressure favours the negative of this proposition. But granting that it were so, and that the moon, in what is conventionally called the beginning of its course, and again in the middle at the full, did produce changes in the weather, surely the most sanguine of rational lunarians would discard the idea of one moon differing from another, except in relation to the season of the year; or that a new moon on the Sabbath-day, whether Jewish or Christian, had any special quality not shared by the new moons of any other days of the week.—*Notes and Queries.*